



THE FIFTH DOCTOR TRILOGY: PART ONE

THE EMERALD TIGER

A FOUR-PART STORY BY BARNABY EDWARDS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON

Time traveller's former companion.

TEGAN: JANET FIELDING

Time traveller's companion.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON

Time traveller's companion.

MAJOR CYRIL HAGGARD:

(also SHARDUL KHAN)

Soldier of fortune. Ruthless and mercenary.

LADY ADELA FORSTER:

(also DAWON)

Flamboyant hunter and rare animal collector. The Indiana Jones of the zoo world.

PROFESSOR NARAYAN:

(also AYYAPPAN)

Enigmatic Indian professor. An expert in folklore.

DJAHN: (also LORD EDGAR, COLONEL CREIGHTON, KIMBALL & GUARD)

A feral young man raised by the tigress Dawon in the jungle.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2011

PART ONE

DOCTOR WHO THEME.

1. NARRATION.

(FX: LADY ADELA READS FROM 'THE JUNGLE BOOK', WITH UNDERSCORING.)

LADY ADELA:

What of the hunting, hunter bold?
Brother, the watch was long and cold.
What of the quarry ye went to kill?
Brother, he crops in the Jungle still.

2. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER. NIGHT.

(FX: THIS IS A LARGE CRYSTAL STRUCTURE, LIKE SUPERMAN'S ARCTIC HOME. IT SHOULD SOUND MYSTERIOUS & MYSTICAL. TINKLE OF CHIMES. WE HEAR THE FAINT PULSE OF THE EMERALD TIGER, LIKE A VERY SLOW HEARTBEAT. AYYAPPAN RUNS IN, PANTING, TO REPORT TO SHARDUL KHAN)

KHAN:

Well, little brother, have you sighted tonight's entertainment?

AYYAPPAN:

(PANTING SLIGHTLY) They camp by the river at the base of the Great Cliff. Eight, perhaps ten strong. They have fire, brother.

KHAN:

Fear not, Ayyappan. What is the red flower beside the power that radiates from our emerald bloom? Where is our sister?

AYYAPPAN:

(EVASIVE) She hunts in another part of the jungle.

KHAN:

You lie. Dawon has not joined the hunt for three moons. It seems she tires of the chase. (WITH SUDDEN VEHEMENCE) She will learn to obey the rule of Shardul Khan or she will die!

AYYAPPAN:

(LEVELLY) We all rule equally, brother. You, me, Dawon.

KHAN:

(CALM ONCE MORE) Indeed so. I merely meant that it is not wise to disobey the Law of the Jungle. Now, it is time. Emerald Tiger – give us your gift!

(FX: THEY APPROACH THE EMERALD TIGER, WHICH STARTS PULSING LOUDER. WITH A SICKENING CRACK OF BONE, TEARING OF FLESH & PAINED GASPS, KHAN & AYYAPPAN BEGIN TRANSFORMING INTO... WERETIGERS. TWO ROARS!)

3. NARRATION/BASE CAMP TENT. NIGHT. 1908.

(FX: LADY ADELA'S VOICE COMES IN OVER THE ROARS' ECHOES. BY THE END OF HER SPEECH, WE FIND OURSELVES AT THE BASE CAMP. BEYOND THE TENT: A CRACKING FIRE; THE HUM & LIFE OF THE JUNGLE AT NIGHT; THE NEARBY BABBLE OF THE FAST-FLOWING STREAM)

LADY ADELA:

Where is the power that made your pride?

Brother, it ebbs from my flank and side.

Where is the haste that ye hurry by?

Brother, I go to my lair – to die!

(FX: LADY ADELA HAS WHISPERED THE LAST SENTENCE. HER HUSBAND, LORD EDGAR, OPENS THE TENT FLAP)

LORD EDGAR:

(AT CONVERSATIONAL VOLUME) Pindar thinks -

LADY ADELA:

(HUSHED) Shh! Edgar! I've only just got him to sleep. You know how bad Jonathan's been since his back teeth started coming though.

(FX: A RUSTLE OF BEDSHEETS & THE MURMUR OF A SLUMBERING TODDLER)

LORD EDGAR:

(WHISPERING ALSO AS HE DROPS THE TENT FLAP) Pindar thinks he's found a path to the island. We'll try it in the morning. Heaven knows what marvels await us!

LADY ADELA:

Surely you've collected enough specimens by now? The Zoological Society will have to build an extension to house them all.

LORD EDGAR:

'The Forster Wing' – I like it. Oh, Adela! I can't wait to see Sir Reginald's face, can you? (IMITATING A STUFFY ACADEMIC:) 'India, your Lordship? Well, I s'pose it's all right for amateur zoologists such as yourself. But in the fifty or so years she's been part of the Empire, India's only interesting zoological event has been the extinction of the Himalayan quail.' I'll show him. Lord Edgar Forster's 1908 Karabar Expedition will become as legendary as 'The Voyage of the Beagle'!

LADY ADELA:

If they believe you.

LORD EDGAR:

How can they not? We have the evidence! Hundreds of specimens, each with an anatomy which undermines the very bedrock of biological science. This is the most revolutionary scientific discovery since Darwin and his finches.

LADY ADELA:

And look how they treated *him*. I can see the headlines now: 'Peer Attempts Hoax of the Century', 'Forster's Folly: Lost World or Lost Marbles?', 'Lord Forster: Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Nobody'.

LORD EDGAR:

The world of journalism lost a top player when you married me.

LADY ADELA:

I'm serious, Edgar. People don't like to have their treasured truths trampled on.

LORD EDGAR:

I'll trample lightly, I promise. Now, what has my son and heir been reading tonight? (PICKS UP THE BOOK) Well, well, young Jonathan: The Jungle Book, eh? Isn't that a little frightening?

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE THE TENT COMES A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. ONE OF THE SERVANTS HAS BEEN KILLED. GRUESOMELY.)

LADY ADELA:

By all the saints! What was that?

(FX: FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION, ANOTHER SCREAM. PANIC BREAKS OUT IN THE CAMP. GUNSHOTS START RINGING OUT. THE TODDLER BEGINS CRYING.)

LORD EDGAR:

The camp's under attack! (FX: A ROAR) Some kind of wild beast. Take Jonathan and head for the boats.

LADY ADELA:

But what about you?

(FX: ROARS OF TWO WERETIGERS. ANOTHER SCREAM. MORE GUNSHOTS.)

LORD EDGAR:

(LOADING UP HIS REVOLVER.) I'll be right behind you, don't you worry. There. (HE SPINS THE CHAMBER.) I've yet to meet a beast that failed to be impressed by the old Webley Break Top.

(FX: WITH A ROAR & SHREDDING OF CANVAS, ONE OF THE WERETIGERS TEARS ITS WAY INTO THE TENT.)

LADY ADELA:

Edgar!

LORD EDGAR:

Save our son! Run!

(FX: LADY ADELA DASHES THROUGH THE CANVAS FLAP & INTO THE CHAOS BEYOND. BEHIND HER WE HEAR EDGAR FIRING FOUR ROUNDS INTO THE WERETIGER. IT YOWLS IN RAGE, THEN POUNCES. RIPPING CANVAS.)

(FX: EDGAR SCREAMS AS HE'S TORN APART. THE OTHER WERETIGER IS PICKING OFF THE REST OF THE CAMP BEARERS. LADY ADELA RUNS AWAY)

LADY ADELA:

(IN TEARS, RUNNING) Edgar! No! (THE TODDLER WHIMPERS.) Shh. Shh, my darling. We're going for a boat trip. See all the fishes, yes?

JONATHAN:

Fishes.

(FX: HER FEET SQUELCH THROUGH MUD. THE SOUND OF THE RIVER IS LOUDER; THE CHAOS FROM THE CAMP QUIETER. LADY ADELA SPLASHES INTO THE WATER & PLACES JONATHAN IN THE BOAT.)

LADY ADELA:

Now you sit in the prow. Captain Jonathan, yes? Mummy has to cast off. (SHE BEGINS UNTYING THE PAINTER.) Hold onto the sides, darling. You don't want to get wet.

JONATHAN:

Cat.

LADY ADELA:

(PUSHING THE BOAT OUT INTO THE RIVER.) Hush now, darling.

JONATHAN:

Big cat.

LADY ADELA:

(CLIMBING INTO THE BOAT.) They were big cats, weren't they? Tigers, I think. (IN TEARS) Very big tigers.

JONATHAN:

Big cat in water.

(FX: THEY'RE NOW MIDSTREAM, FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER.)

LADY ADELA:

(WITH REALIZATION) In the water? What do you mean in the wa-?

(FX: WITH A ROAR & A HUGE DISPLACEMENT OF WATER, A THIRD WERETIGER REARS UP OUT OF THE RIVER & SNATCHES THE TODDLER OFF IN ITS MAW.)

LADY ADELA:

(SCREAMING) Jonathan! Jonathan!!

(FX: THE SCREAM FADES INTO...)

4. PLATFORM, CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION. 1926.

(FX: ...THE SHRILL WHISTLE OF A TRAIN AWAITING DEPARTURE. BUSTLE & ACTIVITY OF THIS BUSY RAILWAY STATION.)

STATION TANNOY (ENGLISH ACCENT):

The nine o'clock train for Chandrapore will depart in twenty minutes. All Third Class passengers will kindly wait behind the white line until First and Second Class passengers have completed boarding.

(FX: DURING THE ABOVE ANNOUNCEMENT, WE HEAR THE DISTINCTIVE TONES OF THE TARDIS MATERIALIZING. A FINAL THUD. THE DOOR OPENS & THE DOCTOR EMERGES, INHALING DEEPLY BEFORE ADMIRING HIS SURROUNDINGS.)

DOCTOR:

Oh Calcutta! Land of the goddess Kali. One of the world's most vibrant and populous cities. Centre of the jewellery trade. A hub of industry, commerce, science, politics, culture, education -

TURLOUGH:

And what have we come here for? A cricket match.

DOCTOR:

Not just any old cricket match, Turlough. Today is December 31st, 1926, and in a couple of hours Arthur Gilligan will be leading the MCC in possibly the greatest match of the greatest tour in the history of cricket: All India versus the Marylebone Cricket Club.

TURLOUGH:

And where are they going to fight this legendary engagement? Right here on the platform - or in one of the sidings?

DOCTOR:

The Eden Gardens. A fifteen minute stroll from here. I really must have a word with the Brigadier about your education. There seems to have been very little emphasis placed on sport and altogether too much prominence given to sarcasm.

(FX: THE TARDIS DOOR CREAKS OPEN AS TEGAN & NYSSA EMERGE, DRESSED FOR THE PERIOD.)

TEGAN:

Don't mind him, Doctor. I love cricket.

NYSSA:

I'm afraid I find the rules rather baffling. Will you be playing yourself - like at Cranleigh Hall?

DOCTOR:

Ah, no. This time I'll be more of a spectator.

TEGAN:

That doesn't sound like the Doctor I know.

DOCTOR:

Yes, thank you, Tegan. Now, a hat for Turlough and me. (HE HANDS TURLOUGH A PANAMA HAT.) And for you two ladies, one of these each. (HE HANDS THEM EACH A PARASOL.)

NYSSA:

Umbrellas?

DOCTOR:

Parasols – to protect you from the heat of the sun. Every refined memsahib carries one. Now, if memory serves, we take the Western exit. This way!

(FX: THEY BUSTLE ACROSS THE PLATFORM.)

5. FORECOURT OUTSIDE CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION.

(FX: CAR HORNS, BIKE BELLS & JEERS AS A ROLLS ROYCE SILVER GHOST SWERVES THROUGH TRAFFIC & SCREECHES TO A HALT BEFORE THE STATION ENTRANCE. IT IS BEING DRIVEN BY KIMBALL, A WIDE-EYED YOUNG MAN. IN THE BACK IS PROFESSOR NARAYAN, A MILD-MANNERED YOUTHFUL ACADEMIC. THE ENGINE CUTS OFF, THE CAR RADIATOR STEAMS.)

NARAYAN:

(SHOCKED, ANGRY & THOROUGHLY DISCOMBOBULATED) What in Shiva's name has possessed you, Kimball? You nearly killed us with your demonic driving! (SUDDENLY NOTICES WHERE THEY ARE) And what are we doing here? This is the station, not the university. Have you gone mad? Well? Answer me!

KIMBALL:

(TURNS IN HIS SEAT & GROWLS AT THE PROFESSOR)

NARAYAN:

(DISCONCERTED) Kimball? I think, perhaps, that bite may have been more serious than we had suspected. You don't look at all well.

KIMBALL:

(WITH A GROWL & A HISS, KIMBALL LEAPS FROM THE CAR & DASHES OFF)

NARAYAN:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Kimball, come back! Kimball!

6. PLATFORM, CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION.

(FX: THE DOCTOR & CO ARE MAKING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE PLATFORM.)

TURLOUGH:

Will the TARDIS be safe there? I mean, won't somebody notice it just standing on the platform?

DOCTOR:

And what if they do? The worst that will happen is that they'll remove it to the Left Luggage Office. I have the key, so I can prove it's mine and reclaim it.

NYSSA:

And what if something happens to you? Cricket's a dangerous sport.

TEGAN:

Nyssa's right, Doctor. You know what these bowlers are like. You could get a Chinaman in the chops. Or a googly in the -

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) All right! Here. (A LITTLE CHING OF THE TARDIS KEYCHAIN.) Now Tegan has the TARDIS key. Everyone happy?

TURLOUGH:

About as happy as someone wearing a three-piece suit can be in this heat.

NYSSA:

I think you look very smart. Besides, it's a nice change from that sombre school uniform.

TEGAN:

Yeah. Makes you look more... mature.

TURLOUGH:

Is that a good thing?

DOCTOR:

Not as far as the tickets are concerned. Children get in half-price. Now, if you've quite concluded your sartorial analysis, perhaps we could get a move on. I don't want to miss Mercer's opening leg spin.

(FX: AHEAD OF THEM, ONE OF A PAIR OF GLASS DOORS SHATTERS AS KIMBALL LEAPS THROUGH IT. HE STANDS THERE, GROWLING & DROOLING. THE CROWD OF PASSENGERS REACT TO THE SUDDEN DISTURBANCE. MUTTERS OF 'DEWANEE' FROM THE CROWD.)

TURLOUGH:

(HUSHED) What's wrong with him, Doctor?

(FX: KIMBALL LURCHES AT A PASSENGER, WHO SCREAMS & BACKS AWAY)

DOCTOR:

Red eyes, drooling mouth, bestial rage. I'd say it was a pretty clear case of hydrophobia.

TEGAN:

Hydro-what?

DOCTOR:

Rabies. Get back to the TARDIS, Tegan, and fetch the medical kit.

TEGAN:

(DEPARTING) Right-o, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Now... (TAKING CHARGE) Everyone stand back. Give him room. Don't alarm him. Nyssa, get back! It's not safe.

NYSSA:

He's just frightened, Doctor. (APPROACHING THE MAN) It's all right, we're not going to hurt you. (KIMBALL CALMS DOWN) We want to help you.

DOCTOR:

(LOW) Nyssa, please be careful. Rabies is highly contagious.

NYSSA:

(LOW) I know what I'm doing, Doctor. This sort of thing has been part of my job for several decades now. (TO KIMBALL:) Hello. My name's Nyssa. What's yours?

NARAYAN:

(RUSHING UP) Kimball! Kimball!

DOCTOR:

Stay back, please!

NARAYAN:

(APPROACHING) Kimball. It's me: the Professor. Yes? If you come back to the car with me, we can take you to [the hospital]-

(FX: WITH A ROAR, KIMBALL LEAPS AT NARAYAN, KNOCKING HIM INTO THE OTHER GLASS DOOR, SHATTERING IT. CROWD REACT & FLEE.)

NYSSA:

No! Leave him alone! Please!

(FX: KIMBALL ROARS & LEAPS AT NYSSA)

TURLOUGH:

Nyssa - look out!

NYSSA:

(SCREAMS & STRUGGLES.)

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Turlough! Help me get him (off her)-

(FX: A SINGLE SHOT RINGS OUT LOUD & CLEAR.)

7. THE OBSERVATION CARRIAGE, PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: A TRAIN GUARD SLIDES OPEN THE CARRIAGE DOOR. LADY ADELA — OLDER BY 18 YEARS — IS SEATED, STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW.)

GUARD:

Everything has now been loaded into the forward baggage car, Lady Forster.

LADY ADELA:

And our guest?

GUARD:

Secure in the rear car.

LADY ADELA:

There appears to be some commotion on the platform. Signal the driver to get the train underway immediately. We don't want anyone asking awkward questions.

GUARD:

I understand, your Ladyship. (HE EXITS)

LADY ADELA:

(TO HERSELF) I very much doubt that you do.

8. PLATFORM, CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION.

(FX: AS BEFORE. KIMBALL HAS BEEN SHOT DEAD; NYSSA & THE PROFESSOR ARE UNCONSCIOUS. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ACROSS THE BROKEN GLASS & STOP. IT IS MAJOR HAGGARD — LEAN, HANDSOME, WITH A SCAR RUNNING THE LENGTH OF HIS CHEEK.)

HAGGARD:

I trust the memsahib is unharmed.

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING NYSSA) She'll be fine. Which is more than can be said for this poor fellow. The bullet went straight through the heart.

HAGGARD:

Yes, rather a fine piece of marksmanship, don't you think? It must have been a good twenty paces.

TURLOUGH:

You could have shot Nyssa, you idiot!

HAGGARD:

I'm sorry?

TURLOUGH:

I said you could have shot Nyssa, you idiot.

(FX: WITHOUT WARNING HAGGARD SLAPS TURLOUGH'S FACE HARD.)

HAGGARD:

Never speak to a British Officer like that, boy. Especially not one who's just saved your mother's life.

TURLOUGH:

(MOUTH BLEEDING) Mother? She's not my [mother-]

(FX: HAGGARD STRIKES HIM AGAIN.)

HAGGARD:

And don't answer back, there's a good lad. The fellow had Dewanee. He'd already attacked that native chappie and was about to make short work of the memsahib here. Shooting him was a mercy.

DOCTOR:

(STANDING, ANGRY) Shooting him was entirely unnecessary! I was about to administer an antidote.

HAGGARD:

Antidote? Don't be ridiculous, man. He was too far gone for the old Pasteur jab. You saw him: he was a ravening beast. A danger to everyone on the concourse — including me.

DOCTOR:

And so, like the fine upstanding soldier you are, you bravely shot him in the back.

(FX: IN THE BACKGROUND, ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF SIRENS APPROACHING THE STATION.)

HAGGARD:

(LIGHTLY THREATENING) Have a care. I'm not someone you'd find it wise to cross.

DOCTOR:

I'll be sure to remember that, Major...?

HAGGARD:

Haggard. Major Cyril Haggard. Governor General's office. And you are?

NYSSA:

(GROANS AS SHE COMES ROUND.) Mnnnhh.

DOCTOR:

Busy. (STOOPING TO HELP NYSSA) Turlough, Nyssa's coming round. See if you can revive the other one.

TURLOUGH:

(STEPPING TO HELP THE PROFESSOR.) Yes, Doctor.

HAGGARD:

A doctor, eh? Never much cared for you fellows: too clever by half.

DOCTOR:

I'll take that as a compliment. (HELPING NYSSA TO SIT UP) How are you feeling, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Crushed. What's that ringing noise?

DOCTOR:

Sirens, I think. The emergency services.

HAGGARD:

(SUDDENLY BRISK & BUSINESS-LIKE) Well, much as I'd love to hang around and listen to the memsahib's words of grateful thanks, I'm afraid I have a train to catch.

TURLOUGH:

Wait! You can't just leave us with a dead body.

HAGGARD:

NMP, old bean: Not My Problem. (HE DASHES OFF) Toodle pip!

TURLOUGH:

Unbelievable!

NYSSA:

(A BIT GROGGY) Who was that man?

DOCTOR:

A walking embodiment of everything that's going to bring down the British Raj. Now, are you hurt?

NYSSA:

(SITTING UP) I don't think so. (SHE WINCES) No, wait: my neck.

DOCTOR:

Let me see. (HE PEELS BACK HER COLLAR; NYSSA INHALES SHARPLY) Ah. Turlough, any sign of Tegan yet?

TURLOUGH:

(APPROACHING) Probably arguing with a porter. Why, what's — (STOPS ON SEEING NYSSA'S NECK). Oh.

NYSSA:

What is it? What's wrong?

DOCTOR:

(CALMLY) There's nothing to worry about. Tegan will be back soon with the medical kit and then we can sort it out.

NYSSA:

Sort what out?

DOCTOR:

You've been bitten.

9. CLOSE TO THE PRIVATE TRAIN, PLATFORM, CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION.

(FX: THE SQUEAL OF A TRAIN WHISTLE. HAGGARD RUSHES UP.)

HAGGARD:

Clear the way! Move aside!

(FX: HAGGARD BARRELS INTO TEGAN, DROPPING HIS VALISE.)

TEGAN:

Watch where you're going, mister!

HAGGARD:

My apologies. Here, let me help you up. (HELPS TEGAN TO HER FEET.)

TEGAN:

Thanks. I thought soldiers were supposed to march, not run.

HAGGARD:

Government business. Can't stop.

(FX: HE OPENS THE CARRIAGE DOOR & GETS ON BOARD.)

TEGAN:

Hey! Aren't you forgetting something?

HAGGARD:

I already gave you my apology.

TEGAN:

Not that. This. (LIFTING HIS VALISE) Your briefcase. Here.

HAGGARD:

(TAKING IT.) It seems I owe you both my sincere apologies and my grateful thanks. You have no idea how sorry I'd be to lose this.

TEGAN:

It was nothing. And speaking of losing stuff – any idea where the Lost Property Office is?

HAGGARD:

There's one by the Western exit, I believe. Now, if you'll forgive me, I must catch this train.

TEGAN:

Bon voyage!

(FX: HE SLAMS THE TRAIN DOOR.)

(TO HERSELF:) And for me, it's a case of 'cherchez le TARDIS'.

10. PLATFORM, CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION.

(FX: AS BEFORE. SIRENS CLOSER.)

NYSSA:

(SHIVERING) How long before I develop full blown rabies?

DOCTOR:

It won't come to that, don't worry. The virus has probably entered your bloodstream, yes. But when Tegan gets back here with the first aid kit, I can administer post-exposure prophylaxis. If given immediately, it's 100 per cent effective.

NYSSA:

(SHIVERING) And if it isn't given immediately...?

DOCTOR:

Turlough: how's your patient?

NARAYAN:

(APPROACHING) Remarkably unscathed, considering I went backwards through a glass door. Your friend here has told me how you tried to help poor Kimball. I am much obliged: he was a good colleague.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry I wasn't able to save his life.

NARAYAN:

Do not berate yourself. Kimball was beyond salvation, I fear, though not beyond kindness – for which I thank you. But where are my manners? My name is Professor Narayan. I am head of Mythology and Folklore at the University of Calcutta.

NYSSA:

Professor? You look barely older than a student.

NARAYAN:

I get that a lot. I think I should invest in a pair of spectacles.

DOCTOR:

Delighted to meet you. I'm the Doctor, that's Turlough and this is Nyssa. We're here for the cricket.

NARAYAN:

(WITH KEEN INTEREST) Ah! I entertain great hopes of Nayudu.

DOCTOR:

He's certainly an outstanding batsman. But my money's [on-]

TURLOUGH:

(INTERRUPTING) Doctor: the police will be here any minute.

DOCTOR:

I know, Turlough. I can hear the sirens.

TURLOUGH:

Well, won't they want to know who we are? Ask to see our nonexistent passports? What are we going to tell them?

NARAYAN:

Leave everything to me. The chief of police was at university with me and so I am not without influence. (HEADING OFF) Wait here while I speak to the officers.

(FX: THE SIRENS STOP: THE POLICE HAVE REACHED THE STATION.)

NYSSA:

(SHIVERING. BEGINNING TO SEE THROUGH THE EYES OF DAWON) Trapped. No escape.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry. I'm sure the Professor can straighten things out.

NYSSA:

(MORE FEVERISH.) Taking me back. Back to face him.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa...?

TURLOUGH:

Doctor: look at her eyes. They're flickering.

DOCTOR:

Concussion, maybe. Nyssa – can you hear me?

NYSSA:

(FEVERISH) The journey begins. I am returning.. (A FINAL EFFORT) Khan! (SHE FAINTS)

TURLOUGH:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

It's all right: I've got her. The infection's taken hold quicker than I thought. It might have something to do with her metabolism. Traken, you know. She's always been susceptible.

TURLOUGH:

What did she mean: 'the journey begins'?

TEGAN:

(DASHING UP) Doctor! Doctor!

TURLOUGH:

You took your time.

TEGAN:

(CATCHING HER BREATH) I thought they'd moved it. Lost property, like you said. But they hadn't. It's gone.

DOCTOR:

Gone? What's gone?

TEGAN:

The TARDIS.

(FX: A DISTANT GUARD'S WHISTLE.)

DOCTOR:

Then you haven't got the medikit?

TEGAN:

No. What's the matter with Nyssa?

TURLOUGH:

She was bitten – infected.

TEGAN:

Is she going to be okay?

DOCTOR:

That rather depends on whether we can find the TARDIS. She's already showing signs of symptomatic rabies. Don't ask me how it's moved so fast, because I don't know. What I do know is that unless we can treat her very soon we may lose her.

(FX: HISS OF STEAM & CLUNK OF GEARS. THE PRIVATE TRAIN PULLS OUT.)

TURLOUGH:

There! In the front carriage of that train: the TARDIS. They're just shutting the doors on it!

DOCTOR:

It's pulling away. We've got to stop it!

TEGAN:

What about Nyssa?

DOCTOR:

(LIFTING NYSSA INTO HIS ARMS) I'll carry her. Now run!

11. THE REAR OF THE DEPARTING TRAIN, CALCUTTA RAILWAY STATION.

(FX: WE ARE ON THE RATTLING TAILGATE AS THE TRAIN PULLS OUT FROM THE STATION. TURLOUGH, TEGAN & THE DOCTOR – CARRYING NYSSA – APPROACH, RUNNING.)

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) Jump on the tailgate – both of you.

TURLOUGH:

(RUNNING) What?

TEGAN:

(RUNNING) You heard him! Jump! Like... this! (SHE DOES SO. LANDS & PANTS) Here: take my hand.

TURLOUGH:

(RUNNING) That won't... (SCRAMBLING ABOARD, PANTING) ... be necessary.

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING, PUFFING) Take Nyssa... and then... I'll join you.

(FX: THE TRAIN LURCHES SUDDENLY AS IT CHANGES GEAR & SPEEDS UP.)

TEGAN/TURLOUGH:

(CLINGING ON, LEST THEY FALL OFF THE BACK) Woah!

TURLOUGH:

We're speeding up!

TEGAN:

Hurry, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING TO KEEP PACE) It's no good... I can't...! Find the TARDIS and get it off at the first station you come to! Nyssa and I will catch the next train. (SLOWS DOWN & LETS THE TRAIN SPEED AWAY. FROM A DISTANCE, SHOUTING:) Good luck!

TEGAN:

(SHOUTS) Good luck yourself! (TO TURLOUGH) Right, let's get inside. The sooner we find the idiot who took the TARDIS, the sooner I can give him a piece of my mind.

TURLOUGH:

I don't envy him. (TRYING THE DOOR) Oh, great! The door's padlocked.

12. THE OBSERVATION CARRIAGE, PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE, LADY ADELA IS SEATED, STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW. THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN: IT IS HAGGARD.)

LADY ADELA:

When I say 'immediately', I mean imm-

HAGGARD:

Mind if I join you? I've seen ghost ships with more passengers. The living should stick together, eh? (SEATS HIMSELF OPPOSITE HER.) Ah, that's better. Now, how does one summon the drinks wallah do you suppose? I could murder a brandy and soda.

LADY ADELA:

What are you doing on my train?

HAGGARD:

Your train? Ha! I like that. Only the Viceroy has his own train, my dear; the rest of us must make do with sharing.

LADY ADELA:

I dislike sharing, which is why I hired the entire train. Now, perhaps you'd care to tell me who you are and what you're doing on board my train? We can then determine the least painful method for getting you off it.

13. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER. MORNING.

(FX: AS BEFORE. A GIANT SNAKE HISSES.)

KHAN:

Calm yourself, Naga. Your tail will heal. And when it does, we shall capture the man cub and eat him together. (THE SNAKE HISSES) What's the matter now, you overgrown earthworm? (ANOTHER HISS) Ah, so you sense it too, do you? Yes, it seems the Emerald Tiger has a new mind to toy with. Weak, but growing stronger. She is free for now, but soon she shall know the will of Khan. Her name is... (HE CONCENTRATES) ...Ny-ssa. Yes: Nyssa. Nyssa!

(FX: KHAN'S VOICE REVERBERATES & BLENDS WITH THE DOCTOR'S FROM THE FOLLOWING SCENE:)

14. FORECOURT, CALCUTTA STATION.

(FX: AS BEFORE, BUT CALMER: NO HORNS.)

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! Nyssa! Nyssa!

(FX: NYSSA SPRINGS AWAKE ON THE BENCH & WE SNAP OUT OF THE DREAM)

NYSSA:

No! (REALIZES IT'S ONLY THE DOCTOR) Oh, Doctor. It's you.

DOCTOR:

Were you having a bad dream?

NYSSA:

I... I think I must have been. (SITTING UP) Where are we?

DOCTOR:

Station forecourt, Calcutta, 1926. Professor Narayan is currently explaining the death of Kimball to the chief of police. How are you feeling?

NYSSA:

Groggy. Where are Turlough and Tegan?

DOCTOR:

On board a private train bound for Durgapur. At least that's what the lady who hired it told the station master.

NYSSA:

Durgapur?

DOCTOR:

A charmless little settlement on the banks of the Ganges – about a hundred miles west of here. Once the Professor's finished smoothing things over with the authorities, we'll catch a train and follow them. Hopefully, they'll be waiting for us with the TARDIS at the next station and we can give you that anti-rabies jab.

NYSSA:

A lot seems to have happened since I fainted. How long was I out?

DOCTOR:

About five minutes. I don't hang around.

NARAYAN:

(APPROACHING) Doctor! Doctor! Bad news, I'm afraid. They've closed the station.

DOCTOR:

What?

NARAYAN:

It seems our friend Major Haggard is a thief as well as a murderer. He broke into the Governor General's safe early this morning and relieved him of a considerable quantity of money and bonds. The police have sealed up the station and cancelled all trains until they find him.

NYSSA:

Then how are we going to get to the TARDIS?

NARAYAN:

Do not distress yourself, Miss Nyssa. We can use my car to drive to the next station. It's the white one over there.

DOCTOR:

That's not a car, Professor: that's a work of art.

15. REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: IT IS DARK & THE SOUND OF THE TRAIN IS MUFFLED. FROM OUTSIDE, WE HEAR TURLOUGH SHOULDERING THE DOOR. THUMP... THUMP... THUMP & IT SPLINTERS OPEN. THE LOCK IS BROKEN, BUT THE DOOR IS INTACT. FROM BEYOND WE HEAR THE TRAIN RATTLING DOWN THE TRACK.)

TEGAN:

You took your time.

TURLOUGH:

(PANTING) I may never be able to use this shoulder again.

TEGAN:

Should've used your feet, like I told you. Mind you, it was a pretty stubborn padlock, I'll give you that. (PICKING IT UP) Look: still locked tight. I don't believe it: 'Made in New South Wales'.

TURLOUGH:

That explains it. (HE PUSHES THE DOOR SHUT, THE CARRIAGE BECOMES QUIETER) Stubbornness is one of Australia's greatest exports.

TEGAN:

That's funny.

TURLOUGH:

Thank you.

TEGAN:

Not you, I meant the padlock. It was on the outside of the door. Surely, if you wanted to prevent thieves breaking into your baggage car, you'd lock the door from the *inside*?

(FX: FROM THE SHADOWS AHEAD OF THEM COMES A LOW GROWL.)

TURLOUGH:

Unless you wanted to prevent something from breaking *out*.

16. THE SILVER GHOST, FORECOURT, CALCUTTA STATION.

(FX: THE CAR IS TICKING OVER BUT STILL STATIONARY. THE DOCTOR, AT THE WHEEL, STEPS ON THE GAS — THE ENGINE THROBS LOUDER THEN DIES BACK TO A GENTLE PURR. NYSSA, NEXT TO HIM, IS STILL FEVERISH, THOUGH MORE HERSELF. NARAYAN IS IN THE REAR)

DOCTOR:

A 1908 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost! They certainly knew how to build these things. Listen to that: perfection!

NYSSA:

Listen to what? It's barely making a noise.

DOCTOR:

Precisely!

NARAYAN:

(LEANING FORWARD) That's why it is called a Silver Ghost. It glides along silently and before you know it, it's gone.

NYSSA:

Shouldn't we be gone, too?

DOCTOR:

Of course. Now... (HE TRIES TO CHANGE TO A FORWARD GEAR. A NASTY SQUEAL OF GEARS) Erm.

NYSSA:

Perhaps the Professor should drive.

NARAYAN:

Alas, I cannot, Miss Nyssa. Kimball was my chauffeur as well as my assistant. I much prefer to sit here in the back.

DOCTOR:

Besides... (THE CORRECT GEAR IS SELECTED) I'm an excellent driver.

(FX: HE FLOORS THE ACCELERATOR & THE CAR SCREECHES OFF. HONKING HORNS & SHOUTS FOLLOW IT.)

17. THE OBSERVATION CARRIAGE, PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

LADY ADELA:

I'm afraid you'll have to do better than that, Major Haggard, if you wish to remain on this train.

MAJOR HAGGARD:

But it's perfectly true, I assure you. Since last year's Gujarat protests, it's been standard government policy to ensure a military escort accompanies every train travelling on Her Majesty's railway.

LADY ADELA:

I can assure you I have no need of your services.

MAJOR HAGGARD:

It's not just insurgents: there are thieves everywhere these days. What if someone attempted to make off with your cargo?

LADY ADELA:

Then they'd get a very nasty shock.

18. REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE. TEGAN & TURLOUGH ARE CROUCHING BEFORE A WALL OF STACKED WOODEN CRATES. ANOTHER LOW GROWL COMES FROM BEYOND.)

TEGAN:

(HUSHED) Whatever it is, it's on the other side of these crates. Come on, let's have a peek over the top.

(FX: THEY BEGIN CLIMBING THE CRATES.)

TURLOUGH:

(HUSHED) Is this entirely wise?

TEGAN:

(HUSHED) Unless whatever it is can jump ten feet into the air, I think we'll be fine. Now shh! I'm going to take a quick shufti.

TURLOUGH:

(HUSHED) Well?

TEGAN:

(HUSHED) I can't see anything. No, wait! I think..

(FX: A MASSIVE TIGER ROAR UP CLOSE.)

19. THE SILVER GHOST, CALCUTTA OUTSKIRTS.

(FX: THE HONK OF THE CAR'S HORN AS IT SPEEDS ALONG. NYSSA GASPS & PANTS — SHE IS SEEING THROUGH DAWON'S EYES AGAIN.)

NYSSA:

Tegan! Doctor, I can see Tegan! And Turlough!

DOCTOR:

(SWERVING) Where? Did we pass them?

NYSSA:

No. They're right in front of me. I can't explain it. I can see the street and at the same time I can see Tegan and Turlough. They're looking down on me from the top of some wooden boxes.

NARAYAN:

(LEANING FORWARD FROM THE BACK SEAT) She is having a vision, Doctor. Kimball, too, had the third eye.

DOCTOR:

I'm not so sure this is a vision. Are they still on the train, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

(CONCENTRATING) I think so, yes. They're inside one of the carriages — the rear one. But they're not alone. Doctor: they're in terrible danger!

DOCTOR:

Then we'd better hurry. Hold on.

(FX: THE DOCTOR CHANGES GEAR & ACCELERATES AWAY.)

20. THE OBSERVATION CARRIAGE, PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

HAGGARD:

Uncaged? Are you mad?

LADY ADELA:

Iron bars do not a prison make. The beast is in thrall to my will - that is her cage. That, and the titanium chain around her neck.

HAGGARD:

Titanium?

LADY ADELA:

It's the only metal that seems to hold her. She destroyed the last cage we put her in. Bit through the bars like licorice sticks.

HAGGARD:

Impossible. No beast alive can do that.

LADY ADELA:

This is no ordinary animal.

21. REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: TEGAN & TURLOUGH ATOP THE PILE OF CRATES. THE TIGER LUNGES UP BUT IS STOPPED BY THE CHAIN. IT HISSES FIERCELY BENEATH.)

TURLOUGH:

What is it?

TEGAN:

What does it look like, stupid? A ruddy great tiger on a chain!

TURLOUGH:

But it's too big! And look at its eyes: they're glowing.

TEGAN:

Rubbish. You know what cats' eyes are like – they reflect the light.

TURLOUGH:

But there isn't any light. I shut the door, remember.

(FX: THE TIGER GROWLS MENACINGLY.)

TEGAN:

There's still enough for us to see by. Now stop being fanciful and start thinking of how we're going to get past this thing and find the TARDIS. If Nyssa doesn't get that medicine, she could die!

TURLOUGH:

Okay, okay. Well, these crates run along the wall to the door at the other end of the carriage, so if we make our way along the top of them, we should avoid coming into the radius of that thing.

TEGAN:

Always providing that chain doesn't break.

TURLOUGH:

We'll just have to hope it was made in New South Wales.

22. THE OBSERVATION CARRIAGE, PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

LADY ADELA:

And now our little tête-à-tête must come to an end, I'm afraid.
(SHE STANDS) I'll signal the driver and we can put you off at the next station. My tiger is protection enough: I can dispense with your services.

HAGGARD:

Au contraire. I think it is I who can dispense with yours.

(FX: CLICK OF HAGGARD'S REVOLVER.)

As of this moment, this is *my* private train. Now step away from the communication cord.

LADY ADELA:

Have you taken leave of your senses?

HAGGARD:

If you pull that cord, I shall be forced to shoot you.

LADY ADELA:

Is that so?

(FX: LADY ADELA PULLS THE COMMUNICATION CORD, THE BRAKES SLAM ON, HAGGARD LOSES HIS BALANCE, THE GUN GOES OFF, A CRY.)

23. REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: CRATES TUMBLE DOWN AROUND TEGAN & TURLOUGH, AS THE TRAIN SLOWS DOWN RAPIDLY)

TEGAN:

What's happening?

TURLOUGH:

The train's slowing down! Grab hold of [something]- (THE CRATES GIVE WAY & TURLOUGH TUMBLES TO THE FLOOR) Woahh!

TEGAN:

Turlough! Are you all right!

(FX: THE TIGER ROARS)

Turlough!

24. THE SILVER GHOST, CALCUTTA STREETS.

(FX: THE CAR IS SPEEDING ALONG.)

NYSSA:

She's going to kill him! She's going to kill Turlough!

DOCTOR:

What? Who is?

NYSSA:

The tiger. The tiger with the emerald eyes!

(FX: NYSSA GRABS THE WHEEL. THE CAR SKIDS.)

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING WITH HER) Nyssa! Get your hands off the wheel!

NYSSA:

(IN A FEVERISH FRENZY) We must save him!

(FX: CAR SKIDS. APPROACHING HORN HONKS URGENTLY)

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! Let go!

NARAYAN:

Doctor! Look out ahead!

(FX: THE CAR SKIDS; SCREAMS; ALMIGHTY CRASH AS THE CAR GOES OFF THE ROAD & HITS A TREE.)

DOCTOR WHO THEME.

PART TWO

NO RECAP.

DOCTOR WHO MUSIC.

25. THE ROADSIDE, JUST OUTSIDE CALCUTTA.

(FX: POST CRASH: STEAM HISSES FROM THE WRECKED CAR. THE DOCTOR & NYSSA ARE UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND. THE PROFESSOR WADDLES UP WITH A BUCKET OF WATER, TRIPS & UPENDS IT ONTO THE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR:

(SPUTTERING AWAKE & COUGHING)

NARAYAN:

A thousand apologies, my dear Doctor! I was intending to cleanse your wounds with the water, not drown you. I am mortified.

DOCTOR:

(RECOVERING) Don't be. It was just what I needed: nothing clears the head like a bucket of ice-cold water. Where's Nyssa?

NARAYAN:

Behind you. Unconscious.

DOCTOR:

Let me see. (GETS UP & SCRAMBLES OVER TO EXAMINE NYSSA)

NARAYAN:

Her ankle was badly cut, but I managed to stop the bleeding.

DOCTOR:

You've done well, Professor. (EXAMINING HER) Regular breathing. Rapid eye movement, which means the brain's functioning normally. No obvious injuries to the head, so we can discount concussion. Why isn't she waking up? (HE SLAPS HER CHEEKS GENTLY) Nyssa? Nyssa? (STOPS SLAPPING) I wonder if it's the infection?

NARAYAN:

Kimball wasn't this bad after he was bitten. Feverish, yes – delirious even – but he never lost consciousness. Mind you, it was a much smaller bite.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I doubt the size of the bite has anything to do with it. Nyssa's got a very different metabolism, that's all. What was it that bit Kimball, by the way?

NARAYAN:

A bat.

DOCTOR:

A bat?

NARAYAN:

He and I were visiting the Karabar Caves, recording the cave paintings there. Do you know them?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid I don't.

NARAYAN:

(WARMING TO HIS THEME) Oh, they're remarkable. My home village is quite near there and so I know them well. In fact, the caves are what inspired me to study mythology and folklore: they contain some of the earliest cave art in the whole subcontinent. I travel all over India collecting research material, but always I am drawn back to the Karabar Caves: their majesty and their mystery.

DOCTOR:

Mystery?

NARAYAN:

No one knows their full extent. I myself have studied them for nearly twenty years and have only scratched the surface. But I am rambling. We need to catch up with that train. Sadly, the Silver Ghost is no more. It hit the wicket at full tilt.

DOCTOR:

It's a miracle none of us was killed.

NARAYAN:

So what do we do? Flag down another car?

(FX: ABOVE THEM WE HEAR THE HISS OF A HOT-AIR BALLOON'S BURNERS. THE BASKET CLIPS THE TOP OF THE TREES.)

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

(FROM ABOVE) Watch out for the treetops, you oaf! This balloon cost more than your entire family earns in a year.

DOCTOR:

I think I may have a better idea.

26. DREAMSCAPE

(FX: AS BEFORE, THE SHIFTING & OVERLAYING.)

NYSSA:

Where am I?

DAWON:

You are inside my mind, sister. We are sharing our thoughts.

NYSSA:

Sister? I don't have a- (REALIZING) You're the tiger! The one on the train!

DAWON:

My name is Dawon. And yours is Nyssa, yes?

NYSSA:

Yes. Am I...?

DAWON:

You're not dead, no. You were hurt, but you will mend. In fact, you'll be better than before. Stronger, fitter, keener. Now, rest. I must deal with the flame-haired boy and the screeching she-cat.

NYSSA:

Turlough and Tegan? Please, don't harm them!

DAWON:

At the moment, I am in far more danger from them than they are from me.

27. REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: THE TRAIN IS STATIONARY. WE ARE ON THE CARRIAGE FLOOR, WITH TURLOUGH & THE TIGER)

TEGAN:

(FROM ABOVE) Stay away from him, you filthy – (SHE THROWS A CRATE AT THE TIGER) beast!

(FX: THE CRATE HITS THE GROUND & SPLINTERS OPEN, DISGORING ITS CONTENTS – ROLLING STICKS OF DYNAMITE. TIGER HISSES & BACKS OFF.)

Plenty more where that came from, whisker face!

TURLOUGH:

(STIRRING) Ughhhh...

TEGAN:

Turlough! Wake up! Come on, Turlough!

TURLOUGH:

All right, all right: I'm awake! What's all the [fuss] – (HE BREAKS OFF AS HE SEES THE TIGER) Ah, nice kitty. (BACKING INTO A CORNER) Good tiger. Stay where you are...

(FX: THE TIGER HISSES)

TEGAN:

It's okay. It can't reach you now – the chain's not long enough.

TURLOUGH:

That's all very well, but I can't reach the far side of the carriage either. We're back where we started.

TEGAN:

Not quite. I can make it over the top of these crates. (SHE MOVES OVER THE WALL OF CRATES TO THE FAR SIDE) I'll find whoever owns that overgrown furball and get them to muzzle it. Then we can find the TARDIS, get off and wait for Nyssa and the Doctor.

TURLOUGH:

Always providing there isn't an even bigger tiger on the other side of that door.

TEGAN:

Ever the optimist. (SHE JUMPS DOWN) There! Made it! Now... (SHE CROSSES TO THE DOOR & OPENS IT) Rabbits! It's locked.

TURLOUGH:

Which are you opting for: feet or shoulders?

TEGAN:

Brains. Well, brains and this crowbar. (PICKS UP NEARBY CROWBAR & BEGINS LEVERING THE DOOR)

TURLOUGH:

That's cheating!

(FX: THE DOOR SPLINTERS OPEN)

TEGAN:

That's winning! Now don't do anything stupid while I'm gone. If Pussy Galore here gives you any trouble, lob a candle at it.

TURLOUGH:

A candle?

TEGAN:

That's what's in those crates. Big fat church candles. Shame you haven't got a match, or you and the tiger could have a candlelit dinner for two. (EXITING) See you later, alligator.

TURLOUGH:

(TO HIMSELF) Candles, eh? (HE PICKS UP A STICK OF DYNAMITE) Hey, Tegan! Wait! These aren't candles: they're sticks of dynamite! First a tiger, then dynamite: this place is a deathtrap!

(FX: THE TIGER GROWLS.)

And you can shut your whiskers.

DAWON:

(GROWLY) Tur-lough.

TURLOUGH:

I'm sorry?

DAWON:

(GROWLY, YET CLEARER) Tur-lough, friend of Ny-ssa.

28. THE OBSERVATION CARRIAGE, PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE. LADY ADELA IS SEATED, HAGGARD STANDING, THE GUARD STANDS BEFORE THEM BOTH.)

GUARD:

And you're certain that everything is all right, your Ladyship?

LADY ADELA:

Perfectly. I tripped and grabbed the emergency cord to prevent myself falling over. That was when... when I hurt my shoulder.

GUARD:

Shall I fetch the first aid kit? You're bleeding.

HAGGARD:

(SMOOTHLY) That won't be necessary: it's just a scratch. Besides, I'm sure her ladyship is keen for us to be on our way again. She can see a doctor when we reach Durgapur.

GUARD:

(CONFUSED) Durga-?

LADY ADELA:

(SHARPLY) Order the driver to set off immediately, please.

GUARD:

Yes, your Ladyship.

(FX: THE GUARD EXITS. WHEN THE DOOR'S CLOSED BEHIND HIM:)

HAGGARD:

(SUSPICIOUS) This train *is* headed for Durgapur, isn't it?

LADY ADELA:

Of course.

HAGGARD:

You're not the most convincing of liars.

LADY ADELA:

I'm out of practice. You, however, are clearly at the top of your game – and not just at lying, to judge from the disgorged contents of your little valise.

HAGGARD:

What? (NOTICES HIS OPEN BRIEFCASE WITH ITS CONTENTS SPILLED ON THE FLOOR) Blast it! (STOOPS TO STUFF WADS OF NOTES BACK IN)

LADY ADELA:

All that money and such a shabby briefcase! Either you're an eccentric or a thief. Or possibly both.

HAGGARD:

(FINISHES PACKING & STANDS UP) What I am is none of your business.

LADY ADELA:

But it *is* my business, Major. And it will remain so until you quit my train.

HAGGARD:

How many more times, woman? This is *my* train now. (HE SLAPS HER HARD) Try not to forget it.

(FX: TEGAN BURSTS IN)

TEGAN:

All right, who owns that blummin' great tiger?

HAGGARD:

Well, if it isn't the girl from the platform!

TEGAN:

(RECOGNIZING HIM) You!

HAGGARD:

We meet again. Major Haggard – at your service.

TEGAN:

Tegan Jovanka. (TO HAGGARD) Is that thing in the rear car yours?

LADY ADELA:

It's mine. And you'd better not have harmed her.

TEGAN:

Harmed her? Listen, Lady, that pet of yours is about to eat a friend of mine.

LADY ADELA:

Poppycok. Kill him, yes; eat him, no. She seldom eats.

TEGAN:

I don't care if it's a vegetarian. You're going to stop it – now! Come with me. (BEAT) Well? What are you waiting for?

LADY ADELA:

Permission. Major Haggard? This is *your* train, after all.

MAJOR HAGGARD:

(SMOOTHLY) Safer if we go together, don't you think?

TEGAN:

(LEADING THEM OFF) This way then! Hurry!

29. REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE, EXCEPT DAWON'S LINES ARE CLEARER NOW. WE NEED TO HEAR EVERY WORD.)

TURLOUGH:

What did you just say?

DAWON:

Nyssa and I are blood sisters.

TURLOUGH:

I must have hit my head harder than I thought.

DAWON:

The blood of the Emerald Tiger flows in our veins. We see as one. Usually it takes months – years, even – before thoughts can be shared. But Nyssa is special. Such control in so little time is unheard of.

TURLOUGH:

I see. (BEAT) Actually, no I don't. What are you talking about?

DAWON:

She was bitten but an hour ago.

TURLOUGH:

The man on the platform? Kimball? But he had rabies.

DAWON:

I was calling to him, but his mind was still confused. He had not yet submitted to the Emerald Tiger.

TURLOUGH:

And that's you, is it? The Emerald Tiger?

DAWON:

(A TIGERISH CHUCKLE) No. My name is Dawon. Like Nyssa and Kimball, I too am a victim of the Tiger. It is a curse. Once it enters your blood, there is no saving you.

TURLOUGH:

You mean you die?

DAWON:

Worse: you change. You have already noticed my eyes – the way they glow – now observe my paws. (SHE SCRAPES THEM ALONG THE FLOOR – FINGERNAILS ON A BLACKBOARD)

TURLOUGH:

(WINCING) Yes, very impressive. I still don't [understand]-

DAWON:

(INTERRUPTING HIM & HOLDING UP A PAW) Take a close look at these claws. It's all right, I shan't use them on you – unless you persist in gaping at me like a vacant-brained monkey.

TURLOUGH:

(STUDYING THE CLAWS) Well, they look pretty sharp. Are you a nailfile or a scissors kind of a cat? (HE SUDDENLY NOTICES) Wait a minute. They're transparent, like glass.

DAWON:

I'm changing: emeralds for eyes, diamonds for claws. That is the curse of the Emerald Tiger.

TURLOUGH:

And that's what's going to happen to Nyssa unless she gets treatment?

DAWON:

(DISTORT) It is too late for treatment, Turlough. There is no turning back for Nyssa. She is one of us now.

30. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER. MORNING.

(FX: AS BEFORE. GAPPI THE MAGPIE SQUAWKS QUERULOUSLY.)

KHAN:

(ANNOYED) For the last time, you pathetic bird, I don't know where Dawon is! (A BRIEF FLURRY OF SQUAWKING IN PROTEST. KHAN CALMS) Her mind is shielded from me. But she is returning, Gappi. I can sense it – returning after ten long summers. (A QUIZZICAL SQUAWK) Why? Isn't it obvious? That weakling cub of hers, Djahn, is still here and maternal instinct is drawing her back. You and that coiled fool Naga must keep close watch on the cub. Do not let him out of your sight, Gappi, for when my sister comes back, she is sure to seek him out. That is when we shall take her and make her pay for her disobedience. My brother Ayyappan's betrayal was met with death and it would be unfair to treat my sister any differently. No one resists the will of the Emerald Tiger. No one!

(FX: KHAN ROARS. GAPPI TAKES TO WING & FLAPS AWAY SQUAWKING)

31. REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE. DAWON HISSES)

TURLOUGH:

Are you all right?

DAWON:

It's nothing. A buzzing in my head, that is all.

TURLOUGH:

Look, about Nyssa – the Doctor will find a cure for this thing.

DAWON:

I admire your spirit, flame-hair, but it is as inevitable as the cycle of the seasons. Ten years ago I tried to destroy the Tiger – tried and failed, like my brother before me. It cost him his life; it cost me my home and my little cub Djahn. And that was when the Tiger was still vulnerable. Now it is beyond destruction. My other brother, Shardul Khan protects it in the Temple of the Emerald Tiger.

TURLOUGH:

Then we'll have to pay him a visit.

DAWON:

The Temple is on an island at the heart of a sunken valley encircled by a great cliff palisade hundreds of feet high.

TURLOUGH:

For a moment there I thought this was going to be difficult.

(FX: FROM BEYOND THE INTERNAL DOOR, WE HEAR TEGAN, HAGGARD & LADY ADELA APPROACHING.)

TEGAN:

(OFF) Couldn't you have tranquilized it or something?

(FX: FROM THIS POINT, DAWON SPEAKS *)

[LADY ADELA:]

(OFF) Drugs have no effect on the beast.

[HAGGARD:]

(OFF) As superfluous as cages, eh?

DAWON:

(SPEAKING OVER THE OTHERS FROM * ABOVE) They mustn't know I can talk. Play along.

TURLOUGH:

(HUSHED) With what?

DAWON:

This.

(FX: SHE LETS LOOSE A HUGE TIGER ROAR. TURLOUGH YELLS OUT.)

TEGAN:

(RUSHING IN) Turlough! Turlough!

HAGGARD:

Stand back! (COCKING HIS PISTOL) Stay still, boy.

TEGAN

Oh no you don't!

(FX: TEGAN KNOCKS HAGGARD'S GUN ARM UPWARDS & HE SHOOTS THE CEILING)

HAGGARD:

What the blazes did you do that for? Can't you see the beast is going to kill him?

TEGAN:

You might have hit Turlough.

LADY ADELA:

Besides, it's not necessary. (COMMANDINGLY TO THE TIGER) Enough! Get back! Back, do you hear me?

(FX: THE TIGER HISSES & GROWLS & RETREATS.)

TEGAN:

(AMAZED) Well, I've seen it all now.

LADY ADELA:

(TO TURLOUGH) You may cross safely, boy. She won't harm you.

TURLOUGH:

(CROSSING TO THEM) Thank you.

HAGGARD:

You had a lucky escape there, lad.

TURLOUGH:

Yes, I could have become the day's second victim of a trigger-happy lunatic.

HAGGARD:

(RECOGNIZING HIM) Well, if it isn't the Doctor's boy. This is turning into quite a reunion.

TEGAN:

You've met Major Haggard before?

TURLOUGH:

Oh, yes. He shot Kimball – the man with... the man who was infected – and very nearly killed Nyssa in the process. Nice to see you've learned your lesson, Major.

HAGGARD:

You were never in any danger, lad. My aim is perfect.

TURLOUGH:

I'm glad to hear it. Because if you'd missed, you might have hit one of these (TURLOUGH CHUCKS HAGGARD A STICK OF DYNAMITE) and then we'd have all been blown sky high.

HAGGARD:

Dynamite?!

TEGAN:

You mean that's what's in all those crates? Explosives?

HAGGARD:

But there must be thirty or forty cases of them.

TURLOUGH:

Why so many?

TEGAN:

Guy Fawkes Night's been and gone.

HAGGARD:

Well, your Ladyship?

(FX: WITH A SHUDDER & SQUEAL OF METAL, THE TRAIN BEGINS MOVING.)

LADY ADELA:

(PORTENTOUSLY)

'Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's a train, and death's the journey's end.'*

But before all that, let's have some tea.

* From Book Three of John Dryden's 'Palamon and Arcite', should you wish to know.

32. A CLEARING, JUST OUTSIDE CALCUTTA.

(FX: COLONEL CREIGHTON CLEANS HIS GUN IN THE BALLOON. DOCTOR APPROACHES.)

DOCTOR:

A fine day for it.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

(PAUSING HIS ACTIVITY) I'm sorry?

DOCTOR:

The surface wind must be, what, three or four knots? Good thermals. Not too much high-altitude sheer, from the looks of those clouds. Perfect ballooning weather, I'd say.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

Would you?

DOCTOR:

Oh, yes! I wonder – would you by any chance [consider]-

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

(INTERRUPTING) No. Now shove off or I'll put some grapeshot in your backside with this.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I doubt that.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

And why's that?

DOCTOR:

Because Short Magazine Lee-Enfield Mark Five rifles don't fire grapeshot. A 1924 model, such as the one you're currently holding, fires a .22 calibre low recoil cartridge. Incidentally, how do you find the receiver-mounted aperture sighting system? They say it's a great improvement on the Mark Threes.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

(ATTITUDE CHANGING) So, you know your guns, eh? (INTRODUCING HIMSELF) Colonel Creighton.

DOCTOR:

Doctor Smith.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

You hunt, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Never had the stomach for it.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

Yes, it's not for the faint-hearted. Aziz – my balloon wallah – is a complete coward. Closes his eyes when I fire. Where is the fellow, blast him? He's supposed to be fetching some replacement rope for the top vent. Did you see the way we landed? Came in far too fast. Damn flap at the top got jammed open. I say, if you like you can join us for the afternoon's hunt. It's much more exciting from a balloon – you catch the blighters unaware.

NARAYAN:

(OFF) Help! Help!

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

What the blazes?

DOCTOR:

It came from over there!

(FX: NARAYAN EMERGES FROM THE UNDERBRUSH 20 FEET AWAY & APPROACHES, CARRYING NYSSA)

NARAYAN:

Help, please! The memsahib here has been attacked by a baagh!

DOCTOR:

(PLAYING STUPID) Oh dear! I think the lady's been bitten by some kind of insect.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

Not bug, you fool: 'baagh'! A tiger! So close to the city – what luck! (GRABBING HIS EQUIPMENT & HOPPING OUT OF THE BALLOON. NARAYAN ARRIVES, PANTING.) Which way, man?

NARAYAN:

(PANTING) In the trees! It was maybe twelve feet long – fifteen with the tail.

COLONEL CREIGHTON:

By George! What a specimen! (HE DASHES OFF) Take charge of the balloon while I bag the beast!

DOCTOR:

'Fifteen with the tail'?

NARAYAN:

You know how these hunting types like to exaggerate. So, what about the balloon?

DOCTOR:

You heard the Colonel: he wants us to take charge of it.

33. OBSERVATION CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN & LADY ADELA, MAJOR HAGGARD, TEGAN & TURLOUGH ENTER, MID-CONVERSATION)

TEGAN:

Accident or not, the TARDIS is lying on its side in the front car of this train. Everything's probably shaken to pieces inside!

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) Highly unlikely. The TARDIS has inertial dampeners. Whatever happens on the outside shouldn't affect the inside.

TEGAN:

(SOTTO) Thanks, Turlough. When I need your advice, I'll section myself. (TO LADY ADELA) Well, your Ladyship?

LADY ADELA:

My dear girl, I should be only too happy for you to take this blue box of yours and be on your way. But as there are no more stations between us and our destination, you'll just have to be patient. We have an hour until then – I suggest we fill it with a spot of tea and gingerbread.

TEGAN:

You'll have to excuse me. I'm going up front to check on the TARDIS. Coming, Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

I'll be right with you. I'd like the answers to a couple of questions first.

TEGAN:

Suit yourself.

(FX: TEGAN EXITS & THE DOOR CLICKS SHUT BEHIND HER)

HAGGARD:

It's at least three hours to Durgapur.

LADY ADELA:

As I'm sure you've already divined, Major, we're not going to Durgapur. We're taking the western branch line.

TURLOUGH:

And what's at the end of the western branch line?

LADY ADELA:

Nothing much. A platform. A sturdy buffer. A sheer cliff down into the valley below. And perched on the edge of the abyss – the Karabar Caves.

34. THE BALLOON.

(FX: A BURST OF HOT FLAMES. THE REST IS SILENCE. SLIGHT CREAK OF THE WICKER BASKET WHENEVER ANYONE MOVES. NYSSA IS UNCONSCIOUS)

DOCTOR:

That should do it. We're at about three thousand feet, I'd say. Heading west along the route of the train line. We're extremely fortunate that the wind just happens to be blowing in that direction. Balloons aren't renowned for their manoeuvrability. How's Nyssa?

NARAYAN:

In the arms of Yoganidra, goddess of sleep. (STANDS UP) It is so still. Are we moving at all?

DOCTOR:

We are – and quite fast. Thirty, maybe forty knots.

NARAYAN:

We are heading towards my homeland. Towards Karabar.

DOCTOR:

Tell me about these caves, Professor.

NARAYAN:

Well, they're geologically unique, for a start. No one's quite sure how they formed. They sit at the edge of a vast circular depression in the earth, perhaps three or four miles across – a bit like a huge volcanic caldera.

DOCTOR:

Except that the nearest Indian volcanoes are in the Deccan Traps, a thousand miles to the south of here.

NARAYAN:

Quite so. The surrounding area is rich in precious gemstones, too, which would again indicate volcanic activity. But, as you say, the geological evidence is against vulcanism. It is inexplicable.

DOCTOR:

Not inexplicable, Professor. Merely unexplained.

35. THE FRONT BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: RATTLES, VERY MUCH LIKE THE REAR CARGO CARRIAGE. TEGAN SLIDES OPEN THE DOOR.)

TEGAN:

Boy, am I glad to see you. A time traveller without a TARDIS is about as useful as a surfer without a board.

36. OBSERVATION CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE, EXCEPT ALL ARE SEATED.)

TURLOUGH:

Tell me about the tigress. Where did you meet her?

LADY ADELA:

We 'met', as you put it, about a month ago in Mandalay.

HAGGARD:

(MOUTHFUL OF CAKE) Don't tell me: the beast was leading Burma's anti-Empire protests.

LADY ADELA:

No, but its owner was a victim of them. Ten years he'd had her, but he was prepared to sell her to me for a few thousand rupees – enough to enable him to flee the country. Tea?

TURLOUGH:

Thank you.

LADY ADELA:

(SHE POURS) It's taken me all this time to reach Calcutta. Transporting a tigress across five hundred miles of land and sea is not the simplest of procedures. Milk?

TURLOUGH:

No thanks. So why bother?

LADY ADELA:

My name is Lady Adela Forster. Oh, I don't expect you to have heard of me. I've done very little to bother the society columns for several decades now. My late husband, Lord Edgar, was an ardent naturalist – an amateur, but a good one. Eighteen years ago, he and I went on an expedition to the Karabar Caves, collecting specimens to send back to the Imperial Zoological Society in London.

TURLOUGH:

What sort of specimens?

LADY ADELA:

Edgar had heard of these cave beetles – a species of troglobite – whose abdomens were said to resemble rubies and to glow faintly in the dark. The locals called them the Eyes of Karabar. They lived in the deep recesses of the caves, apparently, but no one had ever captured one. Edgar was determined to be the first to discover and catalogue them. He'd always wanted a species named after him: *Leptodirus forsterii*. So he mounted a small expedition – a handful of bearers, a local guide called Pindar, myself and our little son, Jonathan.

HAGGARD:

(PUTTING HIS CAKE PLATE DOWN) And did you find these jewelled beetles?

LADY ADELA:

We did – and more besides. Purely by chance, we discovered a way through the caves into the sunken valley beyond. It was terra incognita: a jungle that had remained isolated for thousands of years. Whatever lived down there in that inaccessible valley was unknown to science. The Lost World, Edgar called it: a Darwinian paradise.

TURLOUGH:

So what did you find down there?

LADY ADELA:

Death.

37. THE BALLOON.

(FX: A BURST OF HOT FLAMES. THE REST IS SILENCE.)

NARAYAN:

Kimball and I were making drawings of the cave art when he was attacked by the bat. The Karabar murals are believed to be the source of the great myth of Lanka.

DOCTOR:

Lanka?

NARAYAN:

The lost island fortress of Lanka. It's our equivalent of your Atlantis legends. Both the Mahabharata and the Ramayana speak of it. It was said to be ruled over by a shape-shifting king who possessed the secret of wealth and immortality.

DOCTOR:

King Midas had those – and much good it did him.

NARAYAN:

Quite so. Anyway, it was when we were making these sketches – and after we'd found the beetle – that Kimball was bitten.

DOCTOR:

The beetle?

NARAYAN:

A life-size simulacrum of beetle, made from precious stones – diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds. Possibly it was used as a votive object in some religious ceremony or else worn by a person of high rank. (RUMMAGES IN POCKETS) I have it here. Somewhere. (TRIES OTHER POCKET) Ah! Here we are. A bug in a box!

DOCTOR:

(TAKING THE LITTLE BOX & OPENING IT) Thank you.

NARAYAN:

As you can see, it's a perfectly exquisite piece of craftsmanship. It proves our ancestors were every bit as skilled at lapidary work as the pre-Columbian Mesoamericans who carved that crystal skull currently gracing your British Museum in London.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry to disappoint you, Professor, but no one carved this. It's the result of what I suppose you could call 'metamorphic metamorphosis'. Flesh becoming stone.

NARAYAN:

I don't follow.

DOCTOR:

This was once a living beetle.

38. DREAMSCAPE.

(FX: THE VARIOUS SOUNDSCAPES SHIMMER & SLIDE INTO PLACE.)

DAWON:

Once I was as you are now, Nyssa. A human who walked on two legs. My brothers likewise.

NYSSA:

What made you change?

DAWON:

It happened when we were children. My brothers and I used to play in the hidden valley at the base of the Great Cliff.

NYSSA:

Yes, I see it.

(FX: GIGGLING CHILDREN PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE JUNGLE.)

DAWON:

It was our secret place. No one else from the village knew the way through the caves.

(FX: A BOY & A GIRL SPLASHING IN A FAST-FLOWING STREAM.)

NYSSA:

Who is that boy?

DAWON:

That is Ayyappan, my younger brother. He and I would swim in the river. It was so clear, so refreshing. We would play with the crystal fish or watch the flower-petal dragonflies skim the water. My older brother, Shardul, was always off in the jungle, exploring. Then, one day he found it.

NYSSA:

Found what? Show me.

(FX: JUNGLE SOUNDS, RUSTLE OF LEAVES AS THE THREE CHILDREN PART THEM TO STARE THROUGH.)

DAWON:

On an island in the centre of the valley was the Temple of the Emerald Tiger. And inside: the Tiger itself. (THE TEMPLE AS BEFORE, WITH THE PULSE OF THE EMERALD TIGER'S HEARTBEAT.) Our fingers barely caressed it – but it was enough. From that moment on, everything changed.

(FX: WITH A CRACK OF BONE & STRETCHING OF FLESH, THE THREE KIDS BEGIN TO CHANGE. SCREAMS MERGE INTO THE ROAR OF THREE WERETIGERS.)

39. THE BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

NARAYAN:

But what could make a living creature turn to gemstones?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. But whatever it is, I strongly suspect it's in that sunken valley beyond the Karabar Caves. Moreover, I'd be very surprised if it hasn't been there for some considerable time.

NARAYAN:

What makes you say that?

DOCTOR:

Those cave paintings about the shape-shifting king of Lanka and his gifts of riches and immortality. What could be richer than jewels or more immortal than stone?

NARAYAN:

You mean there's a mythological king down there, turning beetles into brooches?

DOCTOR:

Not literally. But not far off.

NARAYAN:

What, then?

NYSSA:

The Emerald Tiger.

DOCTOR/NARAYAN:

Nyssa! / What?

40. OBSERVATION CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

LADY ADELA:

After the tigers... after Edgar and Jonathan were lost to me, I escaped into the caves and used dynamite to seal the entrance to the lost world forever. I then followed the scarabs back to the mouth of the cave – and to the world of men.

TURLOUGH:

The scarabs?

LADY ADELA:

On the way in, we had marked our route with a series of scarab hieroglyphs painted on the rock walls. It was Edgar's little joke – beetles leading the way to beetles.

HAGGARD:

(LAUGHING) That's the most egregious story I've ever heard – and I include the collected works of Messrs Doyle, Verne and Wells. A world inhabited by crystal beetles and ivory birds. Ridiculous! (HE STANDS UP) I'm going up front to find out how soon we'll reach Karabar – and how soon I can get off this bedlam on wheels.

LADY ADELA:

Don't forget your swag bag.

HAGGARD:

I won't. (PICKS UP HIS VALISE) Thanks for the gingerbread. Oh, and look after that shoulder of yours. (HE SLAPS HER WOUNDED SHOULDER. SHE GASPS IN PAIN) Tooodle pip.(HE EXITS FRONT)

LADY ADELA:

(IN PAIN) He really is a despicable excrescence.

TURLOUGH:

It didn't work, did it? Sealing up the cave. Not completely. Something made its way through from your lost world. Something with emerald eyes and diamond claws.

LADY ADELA:

What a very observant boy you are. Yes, as soon as I heard rumours from Mandalay of an unusually large tigress with crystal claws, I knew the entrance must have opened up again. Perhaps it was a rockfall, perhaps the creature dug its way out, perhaps there was always another route in.

TURLOUGH:

And so you're going back, with a carriage full of dynamite, to do the job properly this time.

LADY ADELA:

There is an evil at the centre of that lost world: a heart of darkness. It must be denied all means of escape.

41. THE BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

DOCTOR:

Weretigers?

NYSSA:

Well, to begin with. But the more they used their powers of lycanthropy, the harder it was to change back. That's why Dawon is stuck as a tiger.

NARAYAN:

Are you sure you're feeling all right, Miss Nyssa?

NYSSA:

I've never felt better, Professor. Which is, in itself, worrying.

DOCTOR:

If what you say is true, then you and Dawon will suffer the same fate as that little crystal beetle. Kimball too, had he lived.

NARAYAN:

Then what is to be done?

(FX: FROM BELOW A DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE)

DOCTOR:

We need to catch that train. Stand back, Professor. Nyssa: help me tip the burner on its side: it's time we turned this balloon into a rocket-powered airship.

42. THE FRONT BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE. TEGAN IS SITTING BESIDE THE TARDIS.)

TEGAN:

(SINGING TO HERSELF) And if one green bottle should accidentally fall, there'd be-

(FX: A MUFFLED GUNSHOT & A YELP FROM THE GUARD, FROM BEYOND THE DOOR INTO THE REAR OF THE TRAIN)

(TO HERSELF) That didn't sound good.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS & HAGGARD COMES IN)

HAGGARD:

Ah, there you are, Miss Jovanka.

TEGAN:

What was that noise?

HAGGARD:

(SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT) I had a disagreement with the guard.

(FX: HE LOCKS THE DOOR)

TEGAN:

You shot him? Why?

HAGGARD:

He didn't seem to like my plan of crashing this train through the barrier at Karabar and sending it tumbling over the cliff.

TEGAN:

I can't say I care much for it either.

43. THE BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE ROAR OF THE BURNER.)

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING) It was definitely a gunshot, Doctor. I heard it distinctly. Something's wrong.

(FX: THE BURNER STOPS. WE HEAR THE TRAIN BELOW)

DOCTOR:

Your senses really are enhanced, aren't they?

NARAYAN:

We're directly over the train now.

DOCTOR:

Still too high! Professor. Pull on the release rope. We need to open up the vent at the top of the balloon and let the air out. When we're low enough, I'll jump onto the roof.

NARAYAN:

You're mad! Karabar station is only a mile or two down the track.

DOCTOR:

If Nyssa's right: Tegan and Turlough need help now, not in a mile or two. Pull the rope.

NARAYAN:

Very well. (HE PULLS IT & THE ROPE DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE TOP OF THE BALLOON & TUMBLES INTO THE BASKET IN COILS) It's snapped off!

DOCTOR:

The upper vent! He said it was broken!

NYSSA:

I'll climb up and open it manually.

DOCTOR:

No, Nyssa. It's too dangerous.

NYSSA:

(ALREADY CLIMBING UP THE ROPES) Let's see just how enhanced my abilities are.

44. THE FRONT BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE. HAGGARD IS BINDING TEGAN'S WRISTS WITH CHAINS)

HAGGARD:

The fact is I stole rather a large amount of money from the Governor General, and he'll doubtless be keen to get it back. The authorities know I boarded this train, Lady Adela saw the money in my little bag here, and you and the boy can positively identify me. So you see my predicament.

TEGAN:

It's cold-blooded murder.

HAGGARD:

It's what soldiers are trained to do, my dear. (FINISHING HIS BINDING) There, that'll have to do. Why is there never any rope when one wants it? And up we go! (HE PULLS THE CHAIN & TEGAN IS LIFTED OFF THE FLOOR BY HER WRISTS) Ha! A trussed pig.

TEGAN:

(IN PAIN FROM THE STRAIN) Why not simply shoot me?

HAGGARD:

That's not very gentlemanly, especially after you were so kind as to return my valise to me on the station. Besides, it's a waste of bullets. (HE SPINS THE CHAMBER OF HIS GUN & COCKS IT) Now, in a moment I'm going to go through there and shoot the driver and his mate. Then I'll open up the throttle and jump from the train with my loot, just in time to watch it tumble into the abyss.

TEGAN:

(IN PAIN) I'll scream.

HAGGARD:

Scream away. They won't hear you in the engine room. Back in a tick – hope you don't mind hanging around.

45. THE BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE. NARAYAN IS AT THE BURNER)

DOCTOR:

Further to the left, Professor. (A BLAST OF THE BURNER) That's better. (SHOUTING UP) Nyssa? How are you doing?

NYSSA:

(FROM ABOVE. SOUND OF RIPPING SILK) Opening the vent now, Doctor!

(FX: BASKET CREAKS & SILK FLAPS AS THE BALLOON DEFLATES SLOWLY)

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING UP) She's going down! Now... (CLIMBS ONTO THE OUTSIDE OF THE BASKET) ... time to jump ship.

NARAYAN:

I hope you know what you're doing, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

So do I. Twenty feet, fifteen.

(FX: TWO GUNSHOTS FROM THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN)

NYSSA:

(FROM ABOVE) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

I heard them, Nyssa. Here goes! (HE JUMPS)

46. OBSERVATION CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE DULL THUD OF THE DOCTOR LANDING ON THE ROOF. HE ROLLS & SLIDES UNTIL HE'S NEARLY HANGING OFF.)

LADY ADELA:

What was that?

TURLOUGH:

It sounded like something just landed on the roof.

LADY ADELA:

Not something, someone! Look at the window!

TURLOUGH:

I'd recognize those trousers anywhere: it's the Doctor!

LADY ADELA:

Pull the communication cord! Stop the train.

TURLOUGH:

(TUGGING IT) Nothing's happening. Try the door!

LADY ADELA:

(DOES SO) It's locked!

TURLOUGH:

Haggard!

47. ON TOP OF THE TRAIN.

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS PULLING HIMSELF UP ONTO THE CARRIAGE ROOF)

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) This is such — (HE HEAVES HIMSELF UP) a bad idea.

NARAYAN:

(FROM THE BALLOON) Doctor! If the train doesn't stop, she'll crash through the barrier and go over the cliff!

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Great! (SHOUTING BACK) I'll have to uncouple the carriages and apply the brakes manually. (HE STARTS RUNNING ALONG THE TOP OF THE CARRIAGE)

NYSSA:

(FROM THE BALLOON) Be careful, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING UP) Why break the habit of a lifetime?

48. THE REAR BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: THE TIGER IS HOWLING. THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.)

TURLOUGH:

We're going to have to jump off the back. Untie Dawon. Quickly!

LADY ADELA:

Dawon?

TURLOUGH:

The tiger! Come on, we're rapidly running out of options.

(FX: LADY ADELA UNDOES THE CHAIN; THE TRAIN BEGINS SCREECHING TO A HALT)

LADY ADELA:

We're slowing down!

TURLOUGH:

It must be Doctor! He's uncoupled us from the front part of the train!

49. THE GAP BETWEEN CARRIAGES. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: THE BRAKES ARE SQUEALING AS THE DOCTOR HOLDS ONTO THE MANUAL BREAK. SPARKS FLY. THE FRONT HALF OF THE TRAIN PULLS AWAY.)

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING) Come on, come on.

NYSSA:

(FROM ABOVE) It's working, Doctor! The rear carriages are slowing down.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING UP) What about the driver?

NYSSA:

(FROM ABOVE) I think that's what the gunshots were. The front of the train's pulling away – gathering speed!

50. FRONT BAGGAGE CAR. PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE. TEGAN SWINGS UP, CHAIN RATTLES.)

TEGAN:

Hup! (FAILS TO UNHOOK THE CHAIN) Come on! (AGAIN) Hup!

(FX: HAGGARD REENTERS FROM THE DRIVER'S CABIN.)

HAGGARD:

Mission accomplished.

TEGAN:

Butcher.

HAGGARD:

A most appropriate simile, given your current resemblance to a side of meat. Still, you shouldn't be hanging there for much longer – and you'll have a wonderful view through this door.

(FX: HE SLIDES OPEN THE SIDE DOOR OF THE CARRIAGE. TRACK & SPEEDING LANDSCAPE BEYOND)

TEGAN:

Shouldn't you be getting off soon?

HAGGARD:

My stop is just coming up – a nice soft pond from the looks of it. I like to leave nothing to chance.

TEGAN:

Then you should've tied my legs up too. Hnghh! (SHE SWINGS & KICKS HAGGARD OUT OF THE CARRIAGE)

HAGGARD:

Aaaarghh! (DISTANT THUD)

TEGAN:

Bon voyage! I'll send your luggage on! (TO HERSELF) Now... hup! (SHE SWINGS UP, FREES THE CHAIN FROM THE HOOK & LEAPS TO THE FLOOR) Ta-dah! Houdini: eat your heart out!

(FX: THE TRAIN CRASHES THROUGH THE BARRIER. TEGAN SCREAMS AS SPLINTERS OF WOOD BURST THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR. THERE'S A HORRIBLE SQUEALING OF METAL AS THE TRAIN RUNS ON BARE EARTH & ROCK BEFORE IT FINALLY GOES OVER THE GORGE & INTO THE OPEN AIR. IN THE SILENCE:)

Rabbits.

(FX: A 5-SECOND BEAT & THEN TREMENDOUS CRASH AS THE TRAIN IMPACTS WITH THE BASE OF THE GORGE & EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL)

DOCTOR WHO THEME.

PART THREE

NO RECAP.

DOCTOR WHO MUSIC.

51. THE BALLOON.

(FX: WE'RE BACK TO MOMENTS BEFORE THE CRASH, BUT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE. MAKE SURE THE SECTIONS IN ITALICS ARE IDENTICAL IN PARTS TWO & THREE, WHICHEVER TAKE YOU GO FOR. SOUND OF THE TRAIN BELOW.)

NARAYAN:

(SHOUTING) *Doctor! If the train doesn't stop, she'll crash through the barrier and go over the cliff!*

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING FROM BELOW) *I'll have to uncouple the carriages and apply the brakes manually.*

NYSSA:

(FROM THE BALLOON) *Be careful, Doctor!*

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING BACK) *The thought hadn't occurred to me.*

DAWON:

(IN NYSSA'S HEAD) *Sister? What's happening?*

NYSSA:

(ALoud) *Dawon, is that you? (USING HER MIND) I hear you, sister. The train is out of control. Are Tegan and Turlough with you?*

DAWON:

(IN NYSSA'S HEAD) *The boy is here now, but I do not know where the girl is.*

(FX: THE TRAIN BEGINS SCREECHING TO A HALT. NYSSA CLIMBS DOWN)

NARAYAN:

The Doctor's done it! He's uncoupled the rear carriages and they're slowing down.

NYSSA:

(DROPPING INTO THE BASKET) *That's wonderful! (SHOUTING) It's working, Doctor! The rear carriages are slowing down.*

DOCTOR:

(FROM THE TRAIN) *What about the driver?*

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING) *I think that's what the gunshots were. The front of the train's pulling away - gathering speed!*

NARAYAN:

Miss Nyssa! Look: there's someone in the front carriage.

NYSSA:

It's Major Haggard! What's he doing there?

NARAYAN:

There's someone else with him. I can't see: they're pulling away.

NYSSA:

It's Tegan! (SHOUTS) Tegan! Get out of there!

NARAYAN:

She can't hear you!

HAGGARD:

(DISTANT) *Aaaarghh!*

NARAYAN:

The Major's jumped!

NYSSA:

They're going to hit the barrier! (SHOUTS) Jump, Tegan! Jump!

(FX: *THE TRAIN CRASHES THROUGH THE BARRIER. THERE'S A HORRIBLE SQUEALING OF METAL AS THE TRAIN RUNS ON BARE EARTH & ROCK BEFORE IT FINALLY GOES OVER THE GORGE & INTO THE OPEN AIR. IN THE SILENCE:*)

(QUIETLY) Tegan.

(FX: *A BEAT & THEN TREMENDOUS CRASH AS THE TRAIN IMPACTS WITH THE BASE OF THE GORGE & EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL*)

51. THE FRONT CARRIAGE OF THE REMAINDER OF THE PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: THE BRAKES ARE SQUEALING & THE TRAIN IS SLOWING DOWN.)

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING) Come on, you stupid train! Remember Newton's First Law of Motion: the velocity of a body remains constant unless it's acted upon by an external force. Well I'm that external force and this brake is acting on you, so stop!

(FX: THE TRAIN SQUEALS TO A HALT & ITS WHEELS TEETER OVER THE EDGE OF THE TRACKS & THUD DOWN. THE DUST SETTLES.)

You've never let me down yet, Isaac.

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING DOWN FROM THE BALLOON) Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING UP) We did it, Nyssa! We did it!

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING) Doctor: Tegan was in the front carriage.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) What?

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING) Tegan was in the front part of the train – the carriage still coupled to the locomotive. She went over the cliff.

52. THE BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE. CONTINUES:)

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING) She's dead! (DEEPLY UPSET, QUIETER) She's dead.

NARAYAN:

(TO NYSSA) Come here, my dear.

NYSSA:

(UPSET) She was my best friend. She -

NARAYAN:

(COMFORTING HER) Shh, shh. I know, I know.

DOCTOR:

(FROM BELOW) Professor, you're drifting over the edge of the ravine. (CONTINUES INTO:)

53. THE FRONT CARRIAGE OF THE REMAINDER OF THE PRIVATE TRAIN.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTS) Turn the burner round and give it a full blast.
Professor!

NARAYAN:

(FROM ABOVE) We've used up all the fuel, Doctor. There's none left!

DOCTOR:

What! (HE LEAPS OFF THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN & BEGINS RUNNING AFTER THE RECEDING BALLOON, TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE. SHOUTS UP:) Throw down the rope for the top vent! Quickly!

NARAYAN:

(FROM ABOVE) Here! (HE THROWS DOWN A COIL OF ROPE. IT TRAILS ALONG THE GROUND.) But there's nothing to tie it to!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) There's me! (HE LEAPS & GRABS IT) Got it! Huh!

(FX: THE ROPE BEGINS DRAGGING THE DOCTOR ALONG, INDIANA JONES STYLE, AS THE BALLOON HEADS INEXORABLY TOWARDS THE PRECIPICE. THE DOCTOR GRUNTS AS HE'S DRAGGED OVER THE ROUGH, DUSTY GROUND.)

NARAYAN:

(FROM ABOVE) It's no good, man! Let go!

NYSSA:

(FROM ABOVE) Let go, Doctor, or you'll be dragged over the edge.

DOCTOR:

(BEING DRAGGED) I'm not... losing... you!

NYSSA:

(FROM ABOVE) And I'm not losing you!

(FX: A TWANG AS THE ROPE IS CUT FROM ABOVE; THE DOCTOR STOPS AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE; THE SEVERED ROPE LOOPS TO THE GROUND NEAR HIM.)

DOCTOR:

No. No! (SHOUTS AFTER THE RECEDING BALLOON) Nyssa!

NYSSA:

(RECEDING) Look after Turlough, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) I'll find you Nyssa! I'll find a way down and rescue you, I promise! Just stay alive!

NYSSA:

(ALMOST INAUDIBLE) Speak to Dawon! Speak to the tiger!

(FX: THEY'RE GONE. THE FULL HORROR OF LOSING TWO COMPANIONS HITS THE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Nyssa.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS RUSH UP FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE CARRIAGES — IT IS TURLOUGH.)

TURLOUGH:

(APPROACHING) Doctor! Doctor! (HE ARRIVES, PANTING) Am I glad to see you! Haggard went mad and tried to crash the train.

DOCTOR:

Haggard?

TURLOUGH:

Major Haggard — from the platform, the one who shot Kimball. He's a thief, apparently, and boarded the train to escape the police. Lady Adela reckons he decided to cover his tracks by wrecking the train. He jumped free just before the impact — we saw him through the rear door, rolling in the dust by the side of the track. How on Earth did you find us? And where's Nyssa?

DOCTOR:

She's with Professor Narayan in that hot air balloon over there. The one gently descending into a lost world filled with monsters.

TURLOUGH:

Oh. And Tegan?

DOCTOR:

Dead.

TURLOUGH:

Dead?

DOCTOR:

She was in the front part of the train. The part that went over the cliff.

(FX: THE WIND WHIPS & SWIRLS UP FROM THE VALLEY BELOW. A BEAT.)

TURLOUGH:

So... what do we do now?

DOCTOR:

Find a way into the valley and rescue Nyssa and the Professor. But first, we have an appointment with a tiger.

54. THE MOUTH OF THE KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: SLIGHTLY ECHOING WITHIN. STUMBLING STEPS OF HAGGARD AS HE APPROACHES. HE COLLAPSES ONTO THE DUSTY FLOOR, BREATHING RAGGEDLY)

HAGGARD:

(PANTING; IN PAIN) Damn you to perdition, girl! I should have shot you when I had the chance. (HE RIPS OPEN THE MATERIAL OF HIS JACKET. SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH) Unless I'm very much mistaken, Cyril old chum, this shoulder of ours is dislocated. Only one thing for it, I'm afraid. One... two... three! (A SICKENING CLICK AS THE SHOULDER RELOCATES & A YELL OF PAIN FROM HAGGARD, WHICH ECHOES THROUGH THE CAVES & INTO THE NEXT SCENE)

55. THE BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE)

NARAYAN:

That's all the sandbags, Miss Nyssa. There's nothing else to jettison. Unless we throw the burner overboard too?

NYSSA:

Too late for that. We're practically skimming the treetops. Brace yourself, Professor. We're about to land.

(FX: THE BALLOON BASKET BRUSHES AGAINST SOME TREETOPS, THROWING NARAYAN & NYSSA AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE BASKET)

NYSSA/NARAYAN:

Unghh!

NARAYAN:

When you say 'land'...

NYSSA:

I do of course mean...

(FX: A SPLINTERING OF SNAPPING TWIGS & FOLIAGE)

NYSSA/NARAYAN:

Crash!

(FX: THE BASKET CRASHES INTO THE JUNGLE CANOPY. A FLOCK OF PARROTS RISE & CAW AWAY.)

56. THE RAILWAY TRACK.

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS WALKING ALONG THE RAILWAY TRACK, TURLOUGH FOLLOWING BEHIND.)

TURLOUGH:

Are you sure Tegan was in the front carriage when it... when it happened?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa saw her.

TURLOUGH:

She might have jumped clear.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING & SNAPPING) What do you think I'm looking for, Turlough? Why else do you think we've been retracing the locomotive's path from the edge of the cliff? For fun?

TURLOUGH:

(TAKEN ABACK) No, of course not -

DOCTOR:

Because this certainly isn't my idea of fun. Not any of it. There's nothing - not so much as a scuff of earth - to show that Tegan jumped clear. Which means she's dead, Turlough. Dead. And for what? Did she save a planet, a race, even a single life? No, she died for nothing. And to make matters worse: it's my fault that she died. If I'd uncoupled the locomotive instead of the cargo wagon -

TURLOUGH:

The train would have had too much momentum and we'd all have ended up at the bottom of that cliff! (BEAT) You did the right thing, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(CALMING DOWN) Then why doesn't it feel like I did?

(FX: LADY ADELA & DAWON APPROACH FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. A LITTLE CLINK FROM DAWON'S CHAIN. THEY STOP. THE DISTINCTIVE SQUAWK OF GAPPI THE MAGPIE CAWS NEARBY)

LADY ADELA:

The Doctor, I presume.

DOCTOR:

Lady Adela. And this must be...

DAWON:

(GROWLS) My name is Dawon.

57. INSIDE GAPPI'S MIND.

(FX: WE SEE THE FOLLOWING SCENE THROUGH THE EYES & EARS OF GAPPI THE MAGPIE. KHAN'S VOICE SWIMS INSIDE GAPPI'S HEAD, BUT IT IS CLEAR; EVERYONE ELSE SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE UNDERWATER.)

KHAN:

What did I tell you, Gappi! The she-beast has returned!

LADY ADELA:

(MUFFLED; ASTONISHED) You can speak? But that's impossible!

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) Improbable, not impossible. The Cheshire Cat managed it. The question is: what has she got to say? Well, Dawon?

DAWON:

(MUFFLED) Nyssa is in great danger, Doctor. If Khan finds out she is in the valley he will either kill her – or worse.

KHAN:

I shall send Naga to bring back this Nyssa. Her essence will enrich the Emerald Tiger.

58. THE RAILWAY TRACK.

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

DOCTOR:

Khan? Who's Khan?

TURLOUGH:

Shardul Khan is Dawon's brother. Not a very fraternal feline by the sound of it. He lives on an island in the centre of that valley – in the Temple of the Emerald Tiger.

DOCTOR:

I can see I missed more than just the train when we parted in Calcutta. So how do we get down to the valley? Both the balloon and the TARDIS are lost.

DAWON:

There is a way through the caves. That was how I escaped the valley all those years ago. Khan knows it exists, but he's never discovered its secret.

59. INSIDE GAPPI'S MIND.

(FX: AS BEFORE)

KHAN:

Closer, Gappi! This is what we have waited for!

(FX: THE SQUAWK OF GAPPI, MUFFLED)

DAWON:

(MUFFLED) But first, we need to get rid of eavesdroppers. (SHE LEAPS AT GAPPI & THE CONNECTION BREAKS.)

KHAN:

Gappi! Gappi! No!

60. THE RAILWAY TRACK.

(FX: AS BEFORE. WITH A TERRIBLE SQUAWK & CRUNCH OF BONES, GAPPI MEETS HIS END IN THE JAWS OF DAWON. SHE DROPS THE DEAD BIRD.)

DAWON:

Forgive me. That bird was the eyes and ears of Khan. Come, the caves await.

(FX: LADY ADELA DASHES OFF TOWARDS THE TRAIN)

LADY ADELA:

I'll get some provisions from the train and catch you up!

DOCTOR:

Come along, Turlough. According to the Professor, majesty and mystery await us in the Karabar Caves.

TURLOUGH:

Majesty, mystery and Major Haggard. Look at these tracks – they lead straight to the caves.

61. THE CAVE INTERIOR.

(FX: SLIGHT ECHO ON THE VOICE. HAGGARD LIMPS UP & STOPS)

HAGGARD:

'Quid nunc?' – as my Classics Master used to say. 'Periculum horribilis', I fear, is the answer. Thanks to that antipodean harpy, our well-earned loot is at the base of that cliff along with the rest of the train. Nothing for it, Cyril old bean, we're going to have to go down and fetch it. (TAKES OUT A BOX OF MATCHES & EXTRACTS A MATCH) Now what did that aristocratic harridan say? (LIGHTS A MATCH) Something about symbols shaped like beetles... (NOTICES A SYMBOL ON THE WALL) Well, well! The writing's on the wall – or, more accurately, the scarabs are!

(FX: HE LIMPS OFF DEEPER INTO THE CAVE)

62. THE SUSPENDED BALLOON.

(FX: THE BASKET IS SUSPENDED FROM THE FOREST CANOPY. JUNGLE NOISES. CREAK OF WICKER)

NYSSA:

Here goes. And... drop! (SHE DROPS A PIECE OF FRUIT OVERBOARD. WE HEAR IT CLIPPING LEAVES AS IT FALLS) One... two... three... four...

(FX: A DISTANT THUD AS THE FRUIT HITS THE FOREST FLOOR)

Four point two seconds. Taking into account the mass of the fruit, its drag coefficient, air density and so on, I'd say we were suspended approximately 120 to 130 feet above the jungle floor. Provided the branches hold, this basket is probably the safest place in the whole jungle. (STANDS UP) Now, I'm going to climb up and see if I can get an idea of where we are. Maybe I can signal to the Doctor. Will you be all right here, Professor? (NO RESPONSE) Professor Narayan?

NARAYAN:

(QUIETLY; A DISTANT MEMORY) I've been here before. This jungle.

NYSSA:

What? But surely you'd remember.

NARAYAN:

I am remembering. The smells... the sounds... (THE SHOCK OF THE MEMORY HITS HIM) Miss Nyssa, I... I think this place used to be my home.

63. ENTRANCE TO THE KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: DAWON, THE DOCTOR, TURLOUGH & LADY ADELA SCRAMBLE UP TO STAND BEFORE THE CAVERN MOUTH.)

DOCTOR:

So these are the Karabar Caves. Rather forbidding, aren't they?

LADY ADELA:

The mouth of Hell. Abandon hope all ye who enter here. Shall we?

DOCTOR:

Women and tigers first. (THEY SET OFF AGAIN)

TURLOUGH:

This is madness, isn't it? I mean, we've got no climbing gear, no lights, no weapons.

LADY ADELA:

Most of the equipment was in the forward baggage car, sadly, but I've got the essentials in this bag: rope, torches, food.

DOCTOR:

And Dawon made it out without any of them. We'll be fine.

TURLOUGH:

(SLIGHTLY PANICKY) But remember what the Professor said: those caves are packed with creatures already infected by the Emerald Tiger. If one of those things bites us, we'll end up like Kimball.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa needs us, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:

She needs us alive.

DOCTOR:

I'm not losing two friends in one day. I couldn't save Tegan, but there's a chance we can save Nyssa. If you don't think that chance is worth taking, then this is where you and I part company. Well?

TURLOUGH:

(BEAT) I'll come. I'm sorry. I just... don't like caves.

LADY ADELA:

(STRUGGLING TO HOLD A STRAINING DAWON) Dawon, wait! Stop pulling!

DAWON:

He's here! I smell him! Haggard! (SHE BREAKS THE CHAIN & DASHES INTO THE CAVE)

LADY ADELA:

Dawon!

64. TUNNEL END, KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: HAGGARD IS LIMPING DOWN A WET TUNNEL, WITH WATER DRIPPING DOWN THE WALLS. HIS FOOT SPLASHES ANKLE-DEEP INTO A PUDDLE.)

HAGGARD:

Blast! (HE EXTRACTS HIS DRIPPING FOOT) Tegan Jovanka, whichever circle of Hell you now infest, it cannot possibly be as low as I would wish. (HE LIGHTS A MATCH) Let there be [light]- What? No! (HE SPLASHES THROUGH THE PUDDLED TUNNEL TO STOP AT A ROCKFALL BLOCKING THE END. IN FRUSTRATION HE KICKS SOME RUBBLE) No!

DAWON:

(A WHISPER DOWN THE TUNNEL) Haggard.

HAGGARD:

(WHIRLS ROUND) Who's there? (NOTHING) Lady Adela, is that you? (MUSTERS BRAVADO) How nice to hear your dulcet tones. Looks like your precious scarabs have brought us to a dead end.

DAWON:

(A WHISPER) Dead end.

HAGGARD:

Indeed so. The rockfall from your previous dynamiting bashment, I expect. I say, won't you come into the light? (COCKS HIS PISTOL) I have something to show you.

65. THE SUSPENDED BALLOON.

(FX: WITH UNDERSCORING, IN THE MANNER OF NARRATION)

NARAYAN:

I wasn't born in Karabar; I was found there, eighteen years ago. Some villagers stumbled on my body at the entrance to the caves. I was unconscious, bleeding, barely alive. There were huge claw marks down my back and a tooth lodged in my right shoulder blade. It was clear I had been attacked by a wild beast – a tiger – and it was certain I should die. A holy man was sent for to perform the funeral rites. My injuries were terrible and yet... I lived. But my memory was a blank – I could remember nothing of my past.

(FX: FADE IN THE BALLOON & JUNGLE ATMOS)

Until I came back here just now. The sounds, the smells: it all came flooding back. Proust had his madeleine; I have this jungle.

NYSSA:

And what do you remember now?

NARAYAN:

Many things. To begin with, my name is not Narayan. That name was given to me after my remarkable recovery.

NYSSA:

Not so remarkable, surely. When the will to survive is strong, the body can repair even the most severe of injuries.

NARAYAN:

In a week?

NYSSA:

A week!

NARAYAN:

Without a single scar. Yes, Miss Nyssa, you're not the only one with remarkable powers of recuperation. The villagers thought Vishnu had interceded to save me and so they gave me one of his names: Narayan, Lord of Truth. How ironic, given that my entire life has been a lie.

NYSSA:

Amnesia isn't lying.

NARAYAN:

All my days I have striven to uncover the past – both my country's and my own. And now I know the truth, I don't want it.

NYSSA:

The truth is always preferable to ignorance.

NARAYAN:

That is easy for you to say, Miss Nyssa. Your soul is not stained with the blood of the innocents. I know now who I am and I must face the consequences. My name is Ayyappan – the Destroyer – and, together with my brother Shardul and my sister Dawon, I ruled over this valley for ten thousand years.

66. TUNNEL, THE KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: THE DOCTOR, TURLOUGH & LADY ADELA MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE TUNNEL.)

DOCTOR:

All that time and you never came back? Weren't you even curious?

LADY ADELA:

I thought I'd buried my past here.

DOCTOR:

None of us can do that. The past isn't a separate part of us, a photograph album we can leave in a drawer and forget about. Every decision we take, every thrill we experience, every disappointment we face – they make up who we are. Lose the past and you lose yourself.

LADY ADELA:

(STOPPING) That's precisely what I want: oblivion.

DOCTOR:

Forgetting something doesn't stop it hurting: it makes it worse. Unattended wounds fester. I lost someone very dear to me today, but I won't forget her. If you love someone, you need to remember everything about them: their face, their voice, the things they used to say. Keep them alive inside you and they'll never really die. Brave heart, Lady Adela. Brave heart.

(FX: FROM FURTHER ALONG THE TUNNEL COMES THE SOUND OF A SINGLE GUNSHOT, FOLLOWED BY A FELINE HOWL)

TURLOUGH:

That's Dawon! She's hurt.

DOCTOR:

Come on!

(FX: ALL THREE RUN OFF DOWN THE TUNNEL)

67. TUNNEL END, KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: THE WET TUNNEL, AS BEFORE. IN THE FOREGROUND WE HEAR THE RASPING BREATH OF DAWON. THE DOCTOR, TURLOUGH & LADY ADELA RUSH UP, SPLASHING THROUGH PUDDLES & SKIDDING TO A HALT BEFORE THE PROSTRATE FORM OF THE TIGRESS)

TURLOUGH:

Dawon, are you all right? Dawon!

LADY ADELA:

Doctor: she's been shot!

DOCTOR:

Let me take a look at her. (CROUCHES DOWN. GENTLY) Dawon? Dawon, can you hear me?

DAWON:

(WEAKLY & IN PAIN) It was Haggard. I felt Nyssa's grief at losing your friend Tegan and I wanted to make him pay. I had my claws in him, too, but then I felt the burning in my chest.

DOCTOR:

Turlough, shine your torch on the wound. Lady Adela? May I trouble you for some of your petticoat? We need to staunch the bleeding.

LADY ADELA:

Of course. (RIPPING A SECTION OF SKIRT) Here. Doctor, this is the place. This is where I blew up the tunnel. See: my scarab on the rock over there. Only I don't remember it being so wet before.

DOCTOR:

(BUSILY PATCHING UP DAWON) We're below the water table here. Your explosion probably cracked the rock, letting rainwater percolate through the fissures. (DAWON HISSES & GROWLS) Easy, tiger. Easy.

LADY ADELA:

I don't think it can be rainwater. The monsoon season was over six months ago.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps the caves are a natural aquifer. Who knows? (HE FINISHES THE BANDAGE) There. How's that, Dawon?

DAWON:

Thank you, Doctor. I will heal. Just let me rest for a moment.

TURLOUGH:

(IN AN UNDERTONE) Doctor, I've been thinking. This is a dead end, which means Haggard must still be here.

DOCTOR:

(IN AN UNDERTONE) To judge from the trail of blood, I'd say the Major's sought refuge at the top of that pile of rocks blocking the tunnel.

HAGGARD:

(FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS) The good thing about tunnels is that they have excellent acoustics. Even damp ones like this.

68. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE PANTING OF A HORDE OF WOLVES)

KHAN:

My brethren, after ten long summers our sister Dawon is returning to us.

(FX: GROWLS)

Don't worry, my wolf brothers. She will pay for her treachery. She will bow before the might of the Emerald Tiger or she will die.

(FX: MORE GROWLS)

I need you to go out into the forest and find her. Bring her to me!

(FX: THE WOLVES GET EXCITED)

And if that mongrel cub of hers – the whelp Djahn – dares to intercede, you are to kill him. Tear the flesh from his bones – and from the bones of all humans you should encounter. The jungle does not belong to man – this is the realm of the beast!

(FX: HYSTERICAL BAYING AS THE WOLVES STREAM INTO THE JUNGLE)

69. ATOP THE RUBBLE, TUNNEL END, KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: WE ARE AT HAGGARD'S END OF THE TUNNEL, BEHIND THE ROCKS. HIS LEG IS BLEEDING PROFUSELY; HE IS IN PAIN)

HAGGARD:

Whoever so much as looks in this direction will get a bullet between the eyes. (HE BEGINS HEAVING ROCKS ASIDE) As you know, I'm an excellent marksman.

DOCTOR:

(OFF, BEYOND THE ROCKS) And a terrible liar. You're out of bullets or you'd have fired already. Men like you only stop to issue threats when they're out of ammunition.

HAGGARD:

(HEAVING ASIDE A ROCK) Why take the risk? (A SMALL FALL OF DEBRIS FROM THE DISPLACED ROCK, REVEALING A HOLE. TO HIMSELF) Aha! Not such a dead end after all! (HE BEGINS TO WORM HIS WAY INTO IT) Why not just let me bleed to death? (AND HE'S GONE)

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Surrender now and I promise you I'll do what I can for you, Haggard. Haggard?

(FX: WE TRANSFER BACK TO THE DOCTOR'S POV)

Major, can you hear me?

LADY ADELA:

Perhaps he's fainted?

TURLOUGH:

Wishful thinking.

DAWON:

Doctor – can you smell it? Fresh air!

DOCTOR:

(INHALING) Yes – and something else. Ammonia, is it? He must have found a way through. Lady Adela, what's on the other side of that rubble?

LADY ADELA:

The Eyes of Karabar.

70. THE SUSPENDED BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE NOISE OF THE JUNGLE IS MUCH QUIETER AS NIGHT APPROACHES.)

NYSSA:

It's getting dark.

NARAYAN:

That's when he'll come for us. Dusk was always Shardul's favourite hunting time.

NYSSA:

But how does he know we're here?

NARAYAN:

Every living creature in this forest is under his influence. He sees through their eyes, hears what they hear. Believe me, Shardul Khan will know exactly where we landed. He's just biding his time.

NYSSA:

Then we need to get out of this basket. We're a sitting target.

NARAYAN:

And go where? This is the kingdom of the Emerald Tiger. There are no hiding places.

(FX: A BRANCH CREAKS NEARBY)

NYSSA:

(HUSHED) Shh! There's something above us.

NARAYAN:

(HUSHED) Then it isn't Shardul. Tigers aren't good at climbing trees.

NYSSA:

(HUSHED) One of his creatures, then.

(FX: A PARROT SQUAWKS ABOVE THEM FLAPS OFF)

NARAYAN:

(CHUCKLING) I think you and I are more than a match for a parrot. (LOOKING AT NYSSA, WHO ISN'T LAUGHING) What is it? Don't tell me you're ornithophobic.

NYSSA:

(QUIET) Behind you. That branch isn't a branch – it's a snake.

(FX: SUDDENLY, WITH A TERRIBLE HISS, NAGA ATTACKS. NYSSA & THE PROFESSOR CRY OUT.)

71. EYES OF KARABAR CAVE.

(FX: A VAST CAVERN. WITH A SLIDE & SCRAMBLE, THE INJURED HAGGARD SLIPS DOWN THE RUBBLE & FALLS HEAVILY ONTO THE CAVE FLOOR)

HAGGARD:

(PANTING) Down, but not out. As Oscar would have it: 'We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.' And what pretty stars you are – a twinkling firmament above me.

(FX: A LITTLE CHIRRUP FROM ABOVE, FOLLOWED BY OTHERS)

A twinkling, ruby, moving firmament.

(FX: NOISE OF MORE CHIRRUPING, FLAPPING OF INSECT WINGS)

Cyril, old chap, I fear this is our Waterloo.

(FX: A CLOUD OF CHIRRUPING, BUZZING BEETLES DIVES & ENVELOPS HAGGARD. HIS AGONIZED SCREAMS ECHO INTO:)

72. TUNNEL END, KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: THE AGONIZED HOWLS OF HAGGARD & THE DISTANT BUZZ OF BEETLES)

TURLOUGH:

Sounds like Haggard found your beetles – or they found him.

DOCTOR:

They'll find us too unless we get back up the tunnel. Dawon, can you move?

DAWON:

(GETTING TO HER FEET) Right behind you, Doctor.

(FX: LADY ADELA MOVES TO THE RUBBLE & INSERTS A STICK OF DYNAMITE)

DOCTOR:

Lady Adela? Come away from there! Haggard's finished. There's nothing you can do.

LADY ADELA:

There's one thing I can do, Doctor. (SHE STRIKES A MATCH) For all of us. (SHE LIGHTS THE FUSE ON THE DYNAMITE)

TURLOUGH:

Dynamite! Are you mad? You'll blow us all sky high!

LADY ADELA:

We can't let those scarabs escape. We must seal the tunnel.

DOCTOR:

No! We need to find Nyssa!

(FX: A SQUIRL OF BEETLES EXPLODES FROM BEHIND THE RUBBLE)

TURLOUGH:

Too late. Run!

(FX: THE CHASE IS ON. WE STAY WITH THE DOCTOR, TURLOUGH, DAWON & LADY ADELA AS THEY SPLASH DOWN THE TUNNEL PURSUED BY THE BEETLES)

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) How long was that fuse?

LADY ADELA:

(RUNNING) Twenty seconds!

TURLOUGH:

(RUNNING) Twenty seconds? But it's -!

(FX: MASSIVE EXPLOSION. ROCKS & RUBBLE. CRIES FROM OUR HEROES.)

73. THE SUSPENDED BALLOON.

(FX: AS BEFORE. EXCEPT THERE'S A MASSIVE STRUGGLE BETWEEN NYSSA, NARAYAN & NAGA. A HISS AS NAGA CONSTRICTS AROUND NYSSA.)

NYSSA:

(BEING SQUEEZED) Professor. I... I can't breathe!

NARAYAN:

Naga! Release her! It's me, Ayyappan. I command you!

(FX: HE GRABS NAGA, WHO HISSES & UNCOILS FROM NYSSA)

NYSSA:

(GASPING FOR BREATH) Thank you, Professor!

NARAYAN:

(STRUGGLING TO HOLD NAGA) Get out of the basket, Miss Nyssa.

NYSSA:

What? You can't fend off that monster on your own.

NARAYAN:

Any minute now, there's going to be two monsters in this basket.

(WITH A SICKENING CRACK OF BONE & A TEARING OF SINEWS, NARAYAN BEGINS TO TRANSFORM INTO A WERETIGER) Aaagh!

NYSSA:

Professor?

NARAYAN:

(IN PAIN AS HE TRANSFORMS, HIS VOICE BECOMING EVER MORE GRAVELLY) I'm changing. I can't... (SKIN BEGINS TEARING AS FUR APPEARS) ...help it. Climb down a liana. And when you hit the jungle floor, keep running because I'll be after you! Go!

(FX: NYSSA LEAPS FROM THE BASKET & GRABS A LIANA)

NYSSA:

(CLIMBING DOWN) I'll find the Doctor – and we'll come back for you. I promise!

NARAYAN:

Well, Naga. (FULL WERETIGER VOICE) Here we go again.

(FX: A MASSIVE WERETIGER ROAR, WHICH ECHOES INTO:)

74. TUNNEL, KARABAR CAVES.

(FX: NO BEETLES. THE AFTERMATH OF THE EXPLOSION. WITH PEBBLES & RUBBLE FALLING FROM HIS COAT, THE DOCTOR STAGGERS TO HIS FEET.)

DOCTOR:

(COUGHING) Turlough, are you all right? Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

I'll let you know – just as soon as this ringing noise stops.

DOCTOR:

It'll pass. It's just filaments in the auditory nerve dying. Here.

(FX: THE DOCTOR HELPS TURLOUGH TO HIS FEET)

TURLOUGH:

(DUSTING HIMSELF OFF) Most comforting. Thank you.

LADY ADELA:

(COUGHING) At least the scarabs have gone.

DOCTOR:

So has half of the tunnel.

DAWON:

Doctor, we need to move now. Something's coming – I can hear it. Something big.

(FX: SUDDENLY WATER STARTS TRICKLING DOWN THE WALLS. IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN HEAR A LOW RUMBLING, WHICH INCREASES UNDER:)

TURLOUGH:

I hear it too!

DOCTOR:

Lady Adela, I owe you an apology. It wasn't an aquifer that made these walls so damp.

LADY ADELA:

What was it then?

DOCTOR:

An underground lake – right above us. Your first explosion, eighteen years ago, created fissures between the lake and this tunnel.

TURLOUGH:

And the second explosion, just now?

DOCTOR:

Pulled the plug out. Everyone climb the walls. Now!

(FX: A WALL OF WATER RUMBLES TOWARDS THEM. THEY SCRAMBLE UP THE SIDEWALLS. WITH A ROAR THE WATER HITS.)

TURLOUGH:

(SHOUTING) Dawon! The ledge you're on – it's giving way. Climb higher!

DAWON:

(SHOUTING) I cannot! It is too – (WITH A HOWL, SHE IS SWEEPED AWAY.)

LADY ADELA:

(SHOUTING) Dawon! I'm coming! (SHE DIVES IN AFTER THE TIGRESS)

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Lady Adela! No!

TURLOUGH:

(SHOUTING) She'll never be able to swim against this. She's mad!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Maybe not. Think about it, Turlough. Water flows downhill until it meets an obstacle.

TURLOUGH:

(SHOUTING) So?

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) So this lot is still flowing at the same rate, which means it hasn't hit an obstacle yet. Somewhere there must be an outlet into the valley below.

TURLOUGH:

(SHOUTING) You can't seriously be thinking what I think you're thinking.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on... to fortune!'

(FX: THE DOCTOR JUMPS INTO THE FLOOD)

TURLOUGH:

(SHOUTING) I always hated Shakespeare! Huh!

(FX: TURLOUGH LEAPS INTO THE WATERS & IS SWEEPED AWAY)

75. THE OLD CAMP. NIGHT.

(FX: THE RIVER CAN BE HEARD NEARBY. NYSSA BURSTS THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, TRIPS ON AN OLD TENT GUY & FALLS FLAT ON THE GROUND.)

NYSSA:

Woah! (PANTING) What a stupid place to leave a rope! (SHE SITS UP & PULLS THE ROPE TOWARDS HER). A rope with a peg attached. (SHE PICKS UP A TENT POLE) And a tent pole. A camp!

(FX: A MOVEMENT IN UNDERGROWTH NOT FAR OFF)

Hello? Is anyone there?

(FX: A SINGLE WOLF HOWL. THEN OTHERS JOIN IN. NYSSA IS SURROUNDED)

76. UNDERWATER/THE RIVER AT THE BASE OF THE GREAT CLIFF. NIGHT.

(FX: WE ARE UNDERWATER WITH TURLOUGH. WE HEAR HIS MUFFLED CRIES. THE DULL RUSH OF WATER SURROUNDS HIM. HE BREAKS THE SURFACE, GULPS AIR & GOES UNDER AGAIN – TAKING US WITH HIM. HE BREAKS IT AGAIN & SPLASHES, COUGHING. WE HEAR A DISTANT SPLASH OF WATER CASCADING DOWN THE ROCKFACE.)

TURLOUGH:

(COUGHS & SPUTTERS)

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Turlough! (RUSHES INTO THE WATER TO RESCUE TURLOUGH) What did I tell you? (GRABS TURLOUGH) The water's given us what no map could – a way into the valley.

TURLOUGH:

(SPLASHES TO THE SHORE WITH THE DOCTOR) And how exactly are we going to get out again?

DOCTOR:

One thing at a time. We have Nyssa and the Professor to rescue first. (THEY REACH THE SHORE, DRIPPING) Anything, Dawon?

DAWON:

All life in this valley pulses with the blood of the Emerald Tiger, Doctor. Locating Nyssa's voice among so many is not easy.

LADY ADELA:

I recognize this place. This is close to where I lost Edgar – and little Jonathan. Our camp was upriver from here.

DOCTOR:

Then that's where we'll head. There might still be something we can salvage – dry clothes, tinned food, matches even. If we can light a fire, Nyssa can track us down.

LADY ADELA:

There's certainly enough light to see by. A full moon and not a cloud in the sky.

(FX: DISTANT HOWL OF WOLVES.)

TURLOUGH:

What's that?

LADY ADELA:

Canis lupus pallipes. The Indian wolf. Lots of them from the sounds of it, which is odd.

DOCTOR:

Odd? How so?

LADY ADELA:

They don't usually hunt in packs.

DAWON:

They've cornered something – no, someone. Doctor: it's Nyssa!

76. THE OLD CAMP. NIGHT.

(FX: AS BEFORE, EXCEPT NYSSA IS WIELDING THE TENT POLE. SHE IS SURROUNDED BY WOLVES. ONE LEAPS AT HER)

NYSSA:

(THWACKING THE WOLF ASIDE WITH THE TENT POLE) Hnnghh!

(FX: THE WOLF YELPS AS IT IS PROPELLED INTO THE UNDERGROWTH. NYSSA'S STRENGTH IS MORE THAN HUMAN)

(PANTING) I am your blood sister. I don't want to harm any of you!

(FX: TWO MORE WOLVES LAUNCH THEMSELVES AT NYSSA. TWO MORE TWACKS IN QUICK SUCCESSION. TWO MORE WOLVES SENT HOWLING.)

Please. (HER VOICE IS HARSHENING – CLASSIC WERETIGER VOCALS CREEPING IN) Please, don't make me... (FALLS TO HER KNEES) change.

(FX: THE WOLVES SNARL & SNAP AT HER AS THEY PACE AROUND.)

No. I refuse! I won't do it!

77. THROUGH THE EYES OF A WOLF.

(FX: AS WITH GAPPI, KHAN IS EXPERIENCING THE SCENE THROUGH THE EYES & EARS OF A WOLF)

NYSSA:

(MUFFLED) I defy you, Khan!

KHAN:

You cannot defy your own blood, girl. Give in to the Emerald Tiger. Surrender yourself and become one of us!

78. THE OLD CAMP. NIGHT.

(FX: NYSSA IS ON THE GROUND. A CRACK OF BONE, THE TRANSFORMATION IS HAPPENING – AGAINST HER WILL)

NYSSA:

(IN PAIN; VOCALLY WERETIGERISH) No. I won't change!

(FX: DAWON LEAPS INTO THE CIRCLE OF WOLVES & ROARS)

DAWON:

Get back, dogs!

(FX: THE DOCTOR, LADY ADELA & TURLOUGH RUSH UP)

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! Are you all right!

NYSSA:

(WERETIGERISH VOICE) Get back, Doctor! Run!

LADY ADELA:

Her eyes! They're glowing!

DOCTOR:

She's changing.

TURLOUGH:

Changing? You mean becoming a tiger?

DAWON:

She can't help it. It's her body's natural reaction to extreme danger. The only way to stop it is to take away the danger.

DOCTOR:

Everyone: grab what you can, we need to scare away these wolves.

(FX: SNARLS & GROWLS FROM THE WOLVES)

TURLOUGH:

(GRABBING A STICK) They don't look like they scare easily.

LADY ADELA:

Then we need to persuade them. (SWIPES A STICK & HITS A WOLF, WHO YELPS)

NYSSA:

(IN PAIN; ANOTHER BONE CRACK) Unghhh! Doctor!

TURLOUGH:

It's not working!

DAWON:

It has to. It's too soon for Nyssa. If she changes this early, she might never be able to change back.

LADY ADELA:

Dawon! Look out!

(FX: FEROCIOUS WOLF ATTACK ON DAWON. SHE IS CARRIED OFF)

TURLOUGH:

They're taking her away! Doctor! The wolves have got Dawon!

(FX: WOLF GROWL CLOSE BY)

DOCTOR:

There's nothing we can do, Turlough! (SWIPES AT THE WOLF; IT YELPS IN PAIN) We must look after Nyssa.

NYSSA:

(WERETIGER VOICE) Please, Doctor. Leave me!

(FX: SUDDENLY FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE UNDERGROWTH SOUNDS A HUGE & TERRIFYING TRUMPET!)

TURLOUGH:

What now?

LADY ADELA:

That sounded like...

(FX: WITH A CRASH, AN ENORMOUS ELEPHANT BURSTS INTO THE CAMP)

...an elephant!

TURLOUGH:

An elephant with two riders!

(FX: THE ELEPHANT TRUMPETS & THE WOLVES SCATTER)

LADY ADELA:

They've done it! The wolves are scattering.

DOCTOR:

Thank you! Whoever you are, you just saved our lives!

TEGAN:

(FROM ATOP THE ELEPHANT) And not for the first time either!

DOCTOR/TURLOUGH:

Tegan?!

END OF PART THREE.

PART FOUR

NO RECAP

79. THE BASE OF THE CLIFF.

(FX: NORMAL JUNGLE NOISES. ESTABLISH IT FOR A FEW SECONDS. OVER THIS WE HEAR THE LAYERED & OVERLAPPED RECAP OF NYSSA'S LINE FROM SCENE 51. THE LINE SHOULD SOUND UNREAL, LIKE A FLASHBACK)

NYSSA:

They're going to hit the barrier! (SHOUTS) Jump, Tegan! Jump!

(FX: DISTANT SOUND OF THE TRAIN CRASHING THROUGH THE BARRIERS FAR ABOVE US. A SUITABLE PAUSE & THEN THE MONUMENTAL IMPACT OF THE STEAM TRAIN & BAGGAGE CARRIAGE SMASHING INTO THE GROUND AFTER THEIR CONSIDERABLE FALL FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFF. MAKE IT BIG. AFTER THE MAIN IMPACT, BIRDS FLAP OFF SQUAWKING. A WHEEL FALLS OFF & CLANGS TO THE GROUND, REVOLVING LIKE A GIANT COIN BEFORE FALLING STILL. THE TRAIN HISSES FOR A MOMENT. THEN WE HEAR A THUMP, ANOTHER THUMP & A DOOR PANEL FALLS TO THE GROUND.)

TEGAN:

Inertial dampeners, my foot! I've been in less bumpy dodgem cars. (SHE SCRAMBLES DOWN THE WRECKAGE) And the damn key stuck! (SHE SHOUTS UP TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF) You hear that, Doctor? Wherever you are! You try opening the TARDIS door in freefall and then maybe you'll think twice about remembering to oil the lock! (AT THE BASE OF THE WRECKAGE, SHE DUSTS HERSELF OFF) Still, it could've been worse.

(FX: A SANDBAG HITS THE ROCKS IN FRONT OF HER & EXPLODES IN A SHOWER OF SAND WHICH SPLATTERS ALL OVER TEGAN)

Pth! Sand? Who's throwing sand? (SHE LOOKS UP) I don't believe it! (SHOUTS & RUNS AS SHE SHOUTS) Hey! Nyssa! It's me: Tegan! Down here! Nyssa! (SHE STUMBLES) Woah!

(FX: TEGAN FALLS DOWN A SCREE SLOPE INTO SOME BUSHES)

This is not a good day.

(FX: A MONKEY CHATTERS AT HER)

And you can shut up.

(FX: THE MONKEY CHATTERS AGAIN. TEGAN PRETENDS TO UNDERSTAND IT)

Oh, really? And what would you know about it, monkey face?

(FX: THE MONKEY SQUEALS & THEN SCOOTs OFF INTO THE JUNGLE)

Hey! Come back! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. (HE'S GONE)
How to win friends and influence people.

(FX: FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST, COMES THE SOUND OF SOMETHING
LARGE APPROACHING)

Maybe I didn't frighten you off. Maybe something else did.

(FX: BRANCHES SNAP AS THE CREATURE GETS CLOSER – IT'S BIG. TEGAN
STANDS UP & BACKS AWAY)

Whatever that is, it doesn't sound too friendly. Back to the
TARDIS, I think. (SHE TRIES TO SCRAMBLE UP THE SCREE SLOPE, BUT
CAN'T GET A FOOTHOLD. THE CREATURE COMES CLOSER. STRUGGLING:) Come
on! This is no time to hang around!

(FX: A TREE CRASHES TO THE GROUND AS THE HUGE ELEPHANT FROM THE
END OF PART THREE EMERGES FROM THE UNDERGROWTH, PAUSES & TRUMPETS.
TEGAN STOPS SCRAMBLING)

Now that's what I call an elephant.

(FX: WHIP OF FOLIAGE FROM ABOVE. A LOIN-CLOTHED YOUTH SWINGS IN ON
A LIANA & DROPS INTO THE GRAVEL BETWEEN TEGAN & THE ELEPHANT)

DJAHN:

Haathi, no! No hurt her! (THE ELEPHANT STOPS & SITS DOWN HEAVILY.
THE YOUTH TURNS TO TEGAN) You hurt?

TEGAN:

No, no, I'm fine.

DJAHN:

Look hurt.

TEGAN:

Shocked, not hurt. After all, it's not every day a boy in a
loincloth rescues you from a giant elephant with living tree trunk
tusks.

DJAHN:

(DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HER) Tretunk tuks?

TEGAN:

Perhaps we'd better start from the beginning. I'm Tegan. What's
your name?

DJAHN:

I Djahn.

TEGAN:

Great. Me Tegan, you Djahn.

(FX: MUSICAL SEGUE TAKES US INTO:)

80. THE TREEHOUSE.

(FX: IDENTICAL TO THE STANDARD TARZAN MODEL WITH PLATFORMS. SOME LOVEBIRDS TWEET. THE STILLNESS IS BROKEN BY TEGAN'S DISTANT WAIL AS SHE SWINGS IN ON A LIANA, CLINGING FOR DEAR LIFE TO DJAHN)

TEGAN:

(APPROACHING RAPIDLY) Aaaaaah!

(FX: THEY LAND ON THE PLATFORM & THE LOVEBIRDS FLAP OFF)

That is the last time I ask you for a lift.

DJAHN:

Hurt?

TEGAN:

No. Why do you always ask if I'm hurt?

DJAHN:

Djahn help animals who hurt.

TEGAN:

Wouldn't you know it? A flying vet. Well, I like this treehouse of yours. I'd like it a lot more if it were on the ground rather than way up here, but you can't fault the view.

DJAHN:

This my home.

TEGAN:

And very handsome it is too. A Queenslander in the sky.

DJAHN:

Where your home?

TEGAN:

A long way from here. You see the top of that cliff? That's where I came from. You ever been there?

DJAHN:

Forbidden.

TEGAN:

Forbidden? By whom?

DJAHN:

Hungry. We eat.

(FX: DJAHN SETS ABOUT PREPARING FOOD: UPENDS A BAG OF FRUIT ON THE TABLE & POURS WATER INTO TWO ROUGH BOWLS FROM A RUDIMENTARY JUG)

TEGAN:

Who forbids it, Djahn?

DJAHN:

(STOPS PREPARING) Lord of jungle. Khan.

(FX: A DISTANT SHRILL CRY FROM A MONKEY BREAKS THE STILLNESS. IT ECHOES ACROSS THE TREES. DIES AWAY.)

After food, I show you.

(FX: ANOTHER MUSICAL SEGUE)

81. TREETOP LOOKOUT.

(FX: DJAHN & TEGAN ARE CLIMBING UP THROUGH BRANCHES TO THE TOP OF THE TREE, ABOVE THE TREEHOUSE)

TEGAN:

(CLIMBING; EFFORT) Couldn't we have seen it just as well from the treehouse? This is playing havoc with my digestion.

DJAHN:

(CLIMBING; NO EFFORT) See better at top of tree. (HE REACHES DOWN TO TEGAN) Here. (HE PULLS TEGAN UP)

TEGAN:

Woah! (EMERGING ONTO THE TOP BRANCH TOO; PANTING) Just don't let go of me, okay?

DJHAN:

(DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE WORD) Okay?

TEGAN:

The surfer's physique, the love of dangerous animals, the upward inflection at the end of sentences – are you sure you're not Australian?

DJAHN:

(IGNORING HER) Khan live on island. There.

TEGAN:

Slap bang in the middle of everything – like a spider at the centre of its web.

DJAHN:

Not spider. Tiger. Like Djahn's mother.

TEGAN:

Really? My mother was a bit of a pussycat. My aunt, mind you – but that's another story. So can I meet this Khan?

DJAHN:

No! He kill you. He kill all like us.

TEGAN:

'Like us?' Well, whatever that means, here's hoping Major Haggard gets to meet him first. What about the balloon?

DJAHN:

Bhaalu? He fishing by river. (CONFUSED) How you know bhaalu?

TEGAN:

Not bhaalu: balloon, as in hot air balloon. My friend Nyssa was in one – don't ask me why – and I think she may have landed somewhere in the jungle. I don't suppose you'd [know] – (SHE BREAKS OFF, SEEING THE LACK OF COMPREHENSION IN HIS FACE) No, I don't suppose you would. Look: I have a friend – Nyssa – and she's out there. I'm worried she may be hurt.

DJAHN:

Hurt? Djahn find Nyssa and bring home. Tegan wait.

(FX: HE SKINNIES DOWN THE BRANCHES RAPIDLY)

TEGAN:

Djahn! Don't leave me up here! Djahn! (BUT HE'S GONE) Great! Now I know how the fairy feels at Christmas time.

(FX: MUSICAL SEGUE INTO)

82. THE TREEHOUSE.

(FX: TEGAN DROPS ONTO THE TREEHOUSE PLATFORM FROM ABOVE)

TEGAN:

(PANTING) I take it all back, Tigger. Climbing down is much harder than climbing up – and I don't have a tail to get in the way. (THE CHATTERING MONKEY IS BACK) Well if it isn't my old friend. Next time there's an elephant in the vicinity, I'll be sure to take your advice. (CHATTER. THE SCRAPE OF A BOOK) What's that you've got there? Let me see. (SHE PICKS IT UP, THE MONKEY CHATTERS) A book? Djahn doesn't exactly strike me as the literary type. Hmm. No cover to judge it by. Let's see... (OPENS IT & READS):

This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon and tush and claw.

(FX: CROSSFADE INTO:)

83. THE OLD CAMP. NIGHT.

(FX: WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT TIME. TEGAN HAS BEEN TELLING HER STORY. OVERLAP THE READINGS SO THE TWO VOICES MERGE SEEMLESSLY)

LADY ADELA:

(COMPLETING THE READING:)

Oh, hear the call! – Good hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law!

TEGAN:

Hey! Who's telling this story?

DOCTOR:

Tegan, shh. Let Lady Adela continue.

LADY ADELA:

It's Kipling. 'The Jungle Book'. I used to read it to...
(OVERWHELMED) But it can't be! This young man can't be... Jonathan?

DJAHN:

(PLEASED) Djahn-than. Yes!

LADY ADELA:

(THE TEARS FLOW) My boy! My beautiful, strong boy. You don't
remember me, do you? It's me. It's mummy.

DJAHN:

Mummy?

LADY ADELA:

(RUSHES TO EMBRACE HER SON) My darling boy!

(FX: WE SHIFT FOCUS TO THE DOCTOR, TURLOUGH, NYSSA & TEGAN)

TURLOUGH:

(SOTTO) Doctor, how can that jungle boy be Lady Adela's long lost
son? Her toddler was killed in the attack, wasn't he?

NYSSA:

(RECOVERING) Taken, not killed.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! How are you feeling?

NYSSA:

Reassuringly bipedal. Thank you, Doctor. You saved me from myself.

DOCTOR:

It's Tegan you need to thank. She and Djahn – Jonathan – there
saved all our lives.

TEGAN:

I guess I'm just a sucker for a happy ending.

DOCTOR:

So am I, Tegan. I can't tell you how dull the universe was without you.

TEGAN:

That's what I've been telling you for years. So who took the boy? This Shardul Khan character?

NYSSA:

Dawon.

TURLOUGH:

Dawon? So that's who she meant when she talked of her 'cub'.

NYSSA:

She tried to hide the truth from me when we were sharing minds, but I could see it all the same. Guilt leaves a stain on everything it touches: thoughts, memories, emotions most of all.

TURLOUGH:

But why steal the boy and go to all the trouble of raising him? Why not simply kill him – or let him escape?

NYSSA:

(SPEAKING FROM THE HEART) Motherhood is a powerful emotion, Turlough: the urge to nurture and protect something vulnerable. Dawon had no child of her own and she so desperately wished for one. For Shardul and Ayyappan, there was the hunt and the thrill of death. But Dawon yearned for life – a small life she could cherish. Is that such a terrible thing to wish for?

TURLOUGH:

It is when the child in question is someone else's! Besides, if she was so fond of him, how come she deserted him? What kind of a parent leaves their child alone and defenceless?

TEGAN:

Turlough! You can be an insufferable pig sometimes.

TURLOUGH:

Well you'd know all about that.

DOCTOR:

All right, all right. Reunited for less than an hour and already bickering.

(FX: LADY ADELA & DJAHN COME TO JOIN THEM)

LADY ADELA:

Doctor, oughtn't we to rescue Dawon?

NYSSA:

And the Professor. I should never have left him.

DOCTOR:

From the sounds of it, Nyssa, you did absolutely the right thing. Remaining in a basket a hundred feet in the air with a giant python and a weretiger is, to say the least, unwise.

TEGAN:

Now there's a sentence you don't hear very often.

LADY ADELA:

Perhaps we should split up? Nyssa, Djahn and I can return to the balloon, while you head off in the direction taken by the wolves.

TEGAN:

No point going back to the balloon. The Professor's not there.

TURLOUGH:

How do you know?

TEGAN:

Jungle Jim here's been there already. No sign of the Professor, just a mangled and bloodied basket. Isn't that so, Djahn?

DJAHN:

No 'Fessor.

TEGAN:

I think he was going to investigate further, but he spotted Nyssa and the wolves. That's when he came back for me and we set off in pursuit on Nelly the Elephant over there.

DJAHN:

(CORRECTING HER) Haathi.

LADY ADELA:

So where is the Professor then?

NYSSA:

Khan has him. Dawon, too. (CONCENTRATING) I can't break through to their minds – Khan is shielding me out – but I know they're on the island, in the Temple of the Emerald Tiger.

DOCTOR:

I think it's time we paid a call on the Lord of the Jungle, don't you?

84. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER.

(FX: AS BEFORE. PROFESSOR NARAYAN STUMBLES INTO THE LAIR. HE IS IN HUMAN FORM, BLEEDING, BUT DETERMINED)

NARAYAN:

Shardul? I know you're there! Your brother seeks an audience with the mighty Khan.

KHAN:

(FROM THE SHADOWS) Where's Naga?

NARAYAN:

Dead.

KHAN:

A pity. But all life is so fleeting – except, of course, ours. Ten thousand years and still going strong! Have you come to beg forgiveness, Ayyappan?

NARAYAN:

That is for you to beg of me. You attacked me and left me for dead – and for what? For refusing to acknowledge you as supreme lord of creation. You don't create anything, you destroy.

KHAN:

You sound so much like our dear sister.

NARAYAN:

Dawon's beyond your reach, Shardul – safe at the top of the Great Cliff. Only I was foolish enough to return.

KHAN:

You're wrong, brother. Dawon, too, returned – her man cub drew her back and now she's joined me.

NARAYAN:

I don't believe it. Dawon would never join you.

KHAN:

Wrong again, my dear brother. She and I are quite inseparable now. Behold!

(FX: THE THROBBING PULSE OF THE EMERALD TIGER. IT BEGINS TO ILLUMINATE THE TEMPLE – THE LITTLE CRYSTAL CHIMES TINKLE. KHAN IS FUSED TO THE BASE OF THE TEMPLE: HALF-TIGER, HALF-CRYSTAL. DAWON IS PART OF THIS HYBRID CREATURE, TOO, HER BODY FUSED TO KHAN'S)

DAWON:

(WEAKLY) Run, brother! Don't let him absorb you too!

NARAYAN:

(STEPPING FORWARD. SHOCKED) Shardul! What have you done to yourself – to Dawon?

(FX: NARAYAN COMES TO STOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF KHAN)

KHAN:

When you and Dawon left me, I was so terribly alone. I felt empty inside. And so I swallowed the Emerald Tiger.

NARAYAN:

(SHOCKED) You did what?

KHAN:

Oh, it was terrible, little brother, truly terrible. You cannot imagine the pain! I began to change. My bones crystallized, my skin became transparent, my muscles deliquesced and coalesced into strings of stone. I fused with the rock beneath me. We became one – just as Dawon and I have now become one.

DAWON:

(WEAKLY) Don't listen to him, Ayyappan. Run!

NARAYAN:

Release her!

KHAN:

Too late. Dawon is part of me now.

NARAYAN:

Release her or I shall destroy you.

KHAN:

Destroy me? No one can destroy me! The entire jungle is mine and I am the entire jungle. Every living thing in this land has a splinter of the Emerald Tiger within it – and all obey my will. I am no longer a servant of the Emerald Tiger – I am the Emerald Tiger. And now, my dear brother, it is time for you to join us.

(FX: WITH A MIGHTY ROAR HE SWIPES AT NARAYAN)

85. JUNGLE PATH.

(FX: OUR HEROES WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH. THE JUNGLE AROUND THEM IS FILLED WITH WEIRD NOISES FROM TRANSFORMED CREATURES - HALF-BIRD, HALF-INSECT; HALF-BEE, HALF-FLOWER)

LADY ADELA:

(PANTING) Please, can we rest a while? I need to catch my breath.

DOCTOR:

Of course. Let's stop here.

(FX: THEY STOP)

LADY ADELA:

(PANTING) I'm not as young as once I was.

DOCTOR:

Who is?

DJAHN:

Sun wake up soon. Light. Djahn-than fetch thing. Mummy rest.

(FX: HE STRIDES OFF INTO THE UNDERGROWTH)

LADY ADELA:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Be careful, Jonathan! Don't- (HE'S GONE. TO THE OTHERS) 'Don't' what? 'Talk to any strangers'? Eighteen years without uttering a single parental platitude and suddenly I'm spouting the most hackneyed of clichés.

NYSSA:

Once a mother, always a mother.

LADY ADELA:

I suppose. Do you have any children of your own, my dear?

TEGAN:

(CUTTING IN) I sure hope Mowgli there knows the way.

DOCTOR:

Oh, we're heading towards the centre all right. Look around you.

TEGAN:

One part of the jungle looks much like any other to me. What am I looking for?

DOCTOR:

The infinite variety of life, Tegan. The closer we get to the Emerald Tiger the more varied the fauna and flora are becoming. It's a crucible of life.

(FX: A FROG HOPS IN FRONT OF THEM & CROAKS. IT THEN SPROUTS WINGS & FLIES OFF TO LAND NEARBY)

TURLOUGH:

By 'varied' you mean 'weird' – I don't remember frogs with wings from my biology lessons.

DOCTOR:

Nor beetles with jewelled abdomens, or elephants with tusks made from living branches, or people who transform into tigers. Look, what happens when the Emerald Tiger gets into your blood?

NYSSA:

You change. Transform from one thing into another.

DOCTOR:

Not necessarily. It's not so much a metamorphosis as a synthesis. Two separate – even incompatible – forms fused into a single living creature.

(FX: THE CROAK OF THE FLYING FROG)

86. THROUGH THE EYES OF THE FLYING FROG.

(FX: THE CROAK FROM INSIDE. KHAN IS OBSERVING, AS BEFORE.)

KHAN:

Silence, Medhak. Your incessant croaking will give us away.

LADY ADELA:

(MUFFLED) That's just how Edgar used to talk about his beetles. He thought the traditional barriers between mineral, vegetable and animal were not as absolute as we'd been brought up to believe.

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) Then he was a very perceptive man – and a great loss to science.

KHAN:

I had thought simply to kill this Doctor. Now I can see what a waste that would be. Such knowledge must be preserved – assimilated. The girl Nyssa: she must join us too.

NARAYAN:

(IN PAIN) No. Leave Nyssa alone.

KHAN:

Or what, little brother? You have no power over the Emerald Tiger.

DAWON:

(IN PAIN) We shall see. Ayyappan, share your mind with mine!

86. JUNGLE PATH.

(FX: AS BEFORE. A FROG CROAK.)

NYSSA:

But it can't be done, Doctor. DNA can't be recombined like that.

DOCTOR:

DNA can't, but molecules can.

NYSSA:

Molecular synthesis is just a theory – and a discredited one at that. Besides, in the highly unlikely event that someone had discovered a way to make it work, that person wouldn't be living on twentieth-century Earth.

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

TEGAN:

Precisely what?

DOCTOR:

I don't think the Emerald Tiger is from Earth – I think it arrived here by accident. Doesn't this valley remind you of anything? A vast circular depression in the earth?

TURLOUGH:

An impact crater! Of course!

LADY ADELA:

But this is old-growth forest. It's been here for millennia.

NYSSA:

The professor spoke of ruling the jungle for ten thousand years.

DOCTOR:

And it was already well-established when he, Dawon and Shardul stumbled upon it, so it must have been here for thousands of years before that. Speaking of Dawon and the Professor, I think it's time we were on our way again. It's light enough to see by now.

(FX: THE FLYING FROG CROAKS & FLAPS ITS WINGS IN SHORT BURSTS)

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, that flying frog.

DOCTOR:

What about it?

(FX: THE FROG BECOMES MORE ERRATIC IN ITS CROAKING & FLAPPING)

TURLOUGH:

It's having some sort of fit.

(FX: SUDDENLY THE FROG EXPLODES)

TEGAN:

Woah! Bagsy name that new species: the exploding Jovanka frog of India.

NYSSA:

(GASPS & FALLS TO HER KNEES) No! Stop.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa? Are you all right?

NYSSA:

(IN PAIN) Fighting... inside my head. They're fighting Khan for control of the Emerald Tiger.

(FX: THE TREES BEGIN TO TREMBLE. THE ANIMAL CRIES INCREASE)

LADY ADELA:

What's happening, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I've no idea. Who's fighting Khan, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

(IN PAIN) Dawon and the Professor.

DOCTOR:

Then they'll need our help. Come on!

(FX: THEY RUSH OFF THROUGH THE TREMBLING FOREST)

87. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER.

(FX: THE TEMPLE IS SHAKING, THE CHIMES RATTLING, AS KHAN STRUGGLES TO SUBDUE DAWON & THE PROFESSOR STRUGGLING WITHIN HIM)

KHAN:

No! Only I can control the Emerald Tiger!

DAWON:

You should have thought of that before you swallowed us, brother!

NARAYAN:

Dawon and I have tolerated your sovereignty for too long, Shardul! It's time for a change of leadership!

KHAN:

Nooooo!

88. THE JUNGLE/THE BANKS OF THE LAKE.

(FX: OUR HEROES RUN THROUGH THE FOREST, WHICH IS ALIVE & WRITHING AROUND THEM. A VINE LASHES OUT AT TURLOUGH, WHO BEATS IT OFF)

TURLOUGH:

I've heard of the living jungle, but this is ridiculous.

DOCTOR:

I told you: there's a bit of the Emerald Tiger in everything around us. Animals, plants, even the ground we're standing on.

TEGAN:

Yeah, but what is the Emerald Tiger?

DOCTOR:

Homogenite.

NYSSA:

Impossible! Homogenite's a myth. One of the research teams on Terminus spent twenty years looking for the stuff and found no evidence whatsoever.

DOCTOR:

It's very rare, certainly. But it's not a myth. (THEY EMERGE FROM THE JUNGLE ONTO THE BANKS OF A LAKE, AT THE CENTRE OF WHICH IS THE TEMPLE) I think we're here. The fortress of Shardul Khan.

TEGAN:

(PANTING) How are we going to get across? Swim?

DOCTOR:

I don't think that would be advisable. Look in the water.

(FX: A HISS & SNAP FROM THE WATER. IT'S WRITHING WITH CROCODILES)

TURLOUGH:

Crocodiles!

NYSSA:

Dozens of them!

(FX: FROM BEHIND COMES THE TRUMPET OF HAATHI. BREAKING UNDERGROWTH & HEAVY FEET)

LADY ADELA:

Jonathan! What are you doing?

DJAHN:

(FROM ATOP HAATHI) Djahn-than and Haathi make bridge. Use tree. Stand back.

DOCTOR:

Better do as he says.

(FX: HAATHI PUSHES AGAINST A TALL TREE TRUNK)

TEGAN:

Shouldn't they try a smaller tree?

DOCTOR:

You'd be surprised how strong that elephant is.

(FX: THE JUNGLE/GROUND TREMBLING HAS FADED AWAY BY NOW; JUST THE SOUNDS OF HAATHI & THE CREAKING TREE TRUNK)

NYSSA:

Doctor, listen. It's calm again. The fight is over.

DOCTOR:

Let's hope the right side won.

(FX: THE CREAKING TREE TRUNK FINALLY TUMBLES OVER THE WATER, FORMING A BRIDGE TO THE ISLAND. A TRIUMPHANT TRUMPET!)

DJAHN:

Clever Haathi! Clever Haathi!

TURLOUGH:

I don't believe it – he did it.

LADY ADELA:

Well done, Jonathan!

NYSSA:

Well, Doctor. Are we going to cross?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. I'm in the mood for pulling a tiger by its tail.

TURLOUGH:

Try not to fall off the tree trunk, Tegan. Those crocodiles look hungry.

TEGAN:

I'll bear that in mind.

89. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER.

(FX: THE TEMPLE AS BEFORE)

KHAN:

(PANTING; IN PAIN) No victory without sacrifice. All will soon be well. The Doctor is coming – he will mend all wounds.

90. ON THE TREE BRIDGE.

(FX: THE SOUND OF OUR HEROES CROSSING THE HEAVY-FOLIAGED TREE. THE WATER WRITHES WITH SNAPPING CROCODILES)

TEGAN:

Buzz off, you overgrown handbag!

DOCTOR:

Careful as you go, Tegan. Remember Captain Hook.

TEGAN:

Don't worry. Crossing this thing's as easy as falling off a log.

DOCTOR:

That's just what bothers me.

TURLOUGH:

Doctor, what exactly is homogenite?

DOCTOR:

It's a single crystal forged in the heart of a supernova and ejected just before the star collapses. Most homogenite crystals spend their entire existence drifting through the interstellar void. This one happens to have collided with a planet: Earth.

TEGAN:

But what's so special about it? What does it do?

DOCTOR:

It's part molecular hammer, part molecular adhesive. It breaks down and recombines molecules into viable combinations. Its curious predilection for life makes it the ultimate biological repair kit.

NYSSA:

Legend has it that it can cure any disease or wound by dividing and reassembling a patient's atoms into new, healthier patterns.

TURLOUGH:

No wonder Terminus was so interested in it.

DOCTOR:

It's frankly a miracle it survived the impact. Homogenite is a monocrystal – a single fracture and it's finished. It must have been encased in an especially thick layer of meteoric ice.

LADY ADELA:

So all we need to do is smash the crystal and all this will end?

DOCTOR:

Somehow I think Khan may have thought of that.

DJAHN:

(FROM UP AHEAD) End of tree. Temple this way.

91. THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER.

(FX: AS BEFORE. SLIGHT CRYSTAL CHIMES. OUR HEROES ENTER)

TURLOUGH:

Look at this place. It's like an ice palace.

TEGAN:

Or Aladdin's cave.

LADY ADELA:

Major Haggard would have had a field day here.

DJAHN:

Pretty. Djahn-than like.

NYSSA:

Are these jewels real, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Quite real. Calcutta and its surrounding area is famous for precious stones. Now we know where they came from.

TEGAN:

You mean they arrived on the meteorite?

DOCTOR:

More likely they were created by it, formed in the fantastic heat generated by its impact.

LADY ADELA:

Is that why so many of the creatures in this valley have taken on jewelled forms?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps the Emerald Tiger has a weakness for crystalline life.

KHAN:

(FROM THE SHADOWS) The Emerald Tiger has no weaknesses.

(FX: THEY STOP EXPLORING)

DOCTOR:

Shardul Khan, I presume.

KHAN:

Doctor. I have been looking forward to this meeting.

TURLOUGH:

Where's Dawon – and the Professor?

KHAN:

You just missed them, I'm afraid. See.

(FX: HE OPENS HIS CHEST. WE HEAR THE PULSE OF THE EMERALD TIGER.)

TEGAN:

Horrible! You murderer!

KHAN:

They had a choice. Join me or perish. They chose the latter.

NYSSA:

What's happened to them, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Presumably Khan partially absorbed them and then withdrew the living crystal, leaving those petrified husks.

KHAN:

Solid reminders of what it means to disobey me.

DJAHN:

(STEPPING FORWARD) Dawon? Mother?

LADY ADELA:

Jonathan! Keep back!

KHAN:

Ah, the man cub. You have been a thorn in my side for so long.

DJAHN:

Mother? Khan kill mother.

KHAN:

And not before time.

DJAHN:

Djahn-than kill Khan. (HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT KHAN)

DOCTOR:

Djahn no!

(FX: WITH A ROAR, KHAN PICKS UP DJAHN & HURLS HIM AGAINST ONE OF THE PILLARS, WHICH SHATTERS. HIS BODY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.)

LADY ADELA:

Jonathan! No! (RUSHES UP TO HIM) Jonathan! Jonathan!

DOCTOR:

Tegan, Turlough – help Lady Adela. See if he's all right.

TURLOUGH:

Me? But I don't know the first [thing about]-!

TEGAN:

Turlough!

TURLOUGH:

All right, all right.

(FX: TEGAN & TURLOUGH DASH OFF TO HELP LADY ADELA WITH DJAHN)

KHAN:

Thus perish all unbelievers.

DOCTOR:

Unbelievers? You're not a religion, Khan. You're not even a cult. You're just one man. A little boy who couldn't get on with other children and so tried to build an empire for himself out of beetles, bats and birds.

KHAN:

(GROWLS) Do not try my patience, Doctor! I am the Emerald Tiger!

(FX: THE TEMPLE RUMBLES A LITTLE)

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Careful, Doctor. You don't want to anger him.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) That's just what I do want. Angry people make mistakes. (ALoud TO KHAN) The Emerald Tiger? Just because you've swallowed a bit of common or garden homogenite doesn't make you special. Look at you! You can't even walk. What kind of a tiger can't walk? You're pathetic.

(FX: KHAN ROARS. THE TEMPLE IS BEGINNING TO SHAKE. KHAN BEGINS CLAWING AT THE CRYSTALS BINDING HIM TO THE FLOOR)

NYSSA:

He's trying to pull himself free of the floor.

DOCTOR:

Excellent! If he severs the connection with the earth, he'll lose control of the jungle.

NYSSA:

What do we do when that happens?

DOCTOR:

Lure him into the TARDIS and try to shatter that crystal. (TO TEGAN) Tegan, how's Djahn?

TEGAN:

Unconscious but breathing.

DOCTOR:

Good. You and Turlough carry him out of here.

TURLOUGH:

Look out, Doctor! The roof! (A PIECE OF ROOF CRASHES DOWN)

DOCTOR:

Back to TARDIS both of you! Before the whole place comes down. No arguments! (THEY GO) Go with them, Lady Adela.

LADY ADELA:

Khan! I have a gift for you. An offering from a mortal to a god.

KHAN:

(ROARS & HEAVES ONE PAW OFF THE GROUND) The only gift I want from you is your life.

LADY ADELA:

And the only gift I have for you is death! (SHE LIGHTS A STICK OF DYNAMITE. IT FIZZES!) You have sixty seconds to live, Khan.

DOCTOR:

Lady Adela, no! (ANOTHER PIECE OF ROOF) There's another way!

LADY ADELA:

Break the crystal and it's all over – that's what you said. Well, this dynamite should do the trick. (THROWS IT) That's for Edgar! (A PIECE OF THE CRYSTAL ROOF CRASHES DOWN ON TOP OF HER) Unghh!

DOCTOR:

Lady Adela! (RUSHES TO HER) She's knocked out. Help me get her out of here, Nyssa, before this place blows up! Nyssa?

NYSSA:

(STARTING TO TRANSFORM) No, Doctor. You go. I will keep Khan here.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa. No! It's suicide!

NYSSA:

(TRANSFORMING) Go, Doctor! Tell Tegan: the data recorder. Terminus! (AN AGONIZING CRACK; THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE) Go!

DOCTOR:

(CARRYING LADY ADELA OUT) I'll come back for you.

KHAN:

Free at last! After all these centuries! (STOMPS UP TO NYSSA) Out of the way, blood sister. The world awaits the Emerald Tiger.

NYSSA:

(WERETIGER VOICE) No, Khan. Your reign ends here.

(FX: THEY ROAR & CLASH. THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES MASSIVELY. OBLIVION)

92. INSIDE NYSSA'S HEAD.

(FX: FROM THE SILENCE COME VAGUE & MUFFLED SOUNDS OF EXCAVATION. WE HEAR EVERYTHING FROM NYSSA'S UNCONSCIOUS POINT OF VIEW. ROCKS SHIFT)

TURLOUGH:

(MUFFLED) Over here, Doctor! I think I've found her! She's under one of the crystal pillars!

(FX: MUFFLED SCRABBLING)

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) Tegan! You and Turlough take the other end! After three. One... two... three!

(FX: THEY HEAVE A LARGE CRYSTAL PILLAR OFF NYSSA. ALL THREE SCRAMBLE CLOSE TO HER.)

TEGAN:

(MUFFLED) Nyssa! Can you hear me? It's Tegan. Nyssa!

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) She's not breathing! Nyssa! Nyssa!

DAWON:

(INSIDE NYSSA'S HEAD) It's time to go, sister.

NARAYAN:

(INSIDE NYSSA'S HEAD) It wouldn't do to keep them waiting.

NYSSA:

What about you?

NARAYAN:

(FADING) We are but shadows, Miss Nyssa. Echoes.

DAWON:

(FADING) Our time is over. Yours is not.

NYSSA:

But I can't lose you!

NARAYAN:

(FADING) Nothing is lost. Nothing is ever lost. We shall live on in your memories.

DAWON:

(FADING) Look after my cub – and your own.

NARAYAN/DAWON:

(FADING) Live, Nyssa. Live!

93. THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD TIGER.

(FX: THE DOCTOR, TEGAN & TURLOUGH ARE CROUCHED IN THE RUBBLE AROUND THE BODY OF NYSSA)

NYSSA:

(GASPS & INHALES)

TEGAN:

Nyssa!

TURLOUGH:

She's alive!

NYSSA:

(COUGHS)

DOCTOR:

Welcome back, Nyssa. We thought we'd lost you!

NYSSA:

Nothing is ever lost.

94. AT THE WRECK OF THE TRAIN.

(FX: OUR HEROES WALK UP & STOP)

DOCTOR:

Well, here we are: the locomotive's graveyard. Somewhere in all that twisted steel and wood is the TARDIS.

TEGAN:

Don't I know it! If that key had jammed a second longer, I'd have been strawberry jam.

TURLOUGH:

Every silver lining has a cloud.

DOCTOR:

Now, now. Can we offer you and Jonathan a lift anywhere, Lady Adela?

LADY ADELA:

Delightful as it would be to see the stars, Doctor, I think my adventuring days are over. Thanks to you I've found my son again. This jungle is his home – and henceforth it shall be mine, too. I've done with the outside world.

DJAHN:

(PROUDLY) Mummy stay with Djahn-than!

LADY ADELA:

Besides, I think it's high time I gave my son some English lessons, don't you? Goodbye all. Happy travels! Come, Jonathan. Let's see this treehouse of yours.

DJAHN:

Tee-house!

LADY ADELA:

(RETREATING) Treehouse, Jonathan. Don't forget the 'R'. How is it you can say 'tree' but not 'treehouse'?

(FX: THEY HEAD OFF INTO THE JUNGLE)

NYSSA:

Will they be all right? The jungle creatures...

DOCTOR:

Are back to what they were before. Now they're no longer controlled by Khan, they'll behave like ordinary wolves and elephants and beetles.

TURLOUGH:

And flying frogs.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, let's hope that little evolutionary quirk remains undiscovered.

NYSSA:

And me?

DOCTOR:

What about you?

NYSSA:

You know what I mean, Doctor. I was infected by the homogenite, too. What happens to me?

DOCTOR:

When Khan was destroyed, the homogenite crystal shattered. Thankfully there was still enough residual energy to heal you, but that will have dissipated now.

NYSSA:

The greatest healing power in the universe and now it's gone. Think of the lives that could have been saved if I'd taken that back to Terminus. No more Richter's syndrome, no more -

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure anyone should have that kind of power, Nyssa. However noble their motives. Let's just be thankful you're back to normal. (SLIGHTLY AWKWARD) Better, in fact.

NYSSA:

Better?

DOCTOR:

Time we were leaving. Turlough?

TURLOUGH:

We're not heading for another cricket match, I hope.

DOCTOR:

You really are the most dreadful philistine. Come on!

(FX: THEY START TO CLIMB INTO THE WRECKAGE)

NYSSA:

What did he mean: 'better'? Tegan?

TEGAN:

(AWKWARD) Your... face.

NYSSA:

What about my face?

TEGAN:

It must be some side-effect of the homogenite whatsit.

NYSSA:

Tegan: what's wrong with my face?

TEGAN:

Nothing! It's just... younger than before.

NYSSA:

Younger?

TEGAN:

You look just like you did back on Terminus. You've rejuvenated.

NYSSA:

Rejuvenated? But what will Lasarti say?

TEGAN:

I'm sure your husband'll be delighted. (WITH KNOWING MISCHIEF:)
After all, you've just saved him a fortune in plastic surgery.

NYSSA:

(SHOCKED) Tegan!

DOCTOR:

(FROM ABOVE) Come on you two. We have a train to catch!

THEME MUSIC.